Along the Andes

IN

BOLIVIA, PERU,

AND

ECUADOR.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 796 3

PRINTED BY
THOS. SOWLER & SONS, LTD.,
CANNON STREET, MANCHESTER.



Natural Size.

Mummified Head of Ecuatorian Indian.

HSAm
P4973a

Along the Andes

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

BY

A. PETROCOKINO

615.42
8 | 2 | 04

London
GAY AND BIRD
22, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.
1903

ERRATA.

—

Page 61, line 2.—"Jauja" should read "Arroya."

„ 89, „ 11.—"but ——. Here" should read "but —— here."

PREFACE.

As so little is known of this very interesting and distant part of the world, I have been tempted to put into a more permanent form the notes of my diary during a trip through Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador as I wish to show that these three countries are not the deserted and savage places they are generally credited with being: for though the names of towns near or on the Coast, such as Callao, Lima, Arequipa, and Guayaquil may convey an idea of civilization to the ordinary man, the interior is to him more or less of a savage country inhabited by Indians. Inhabited by Indians these countries undoubtedly are, but mostly by Indians who have experienced Spanish civilisation for several centuries and Inca civilisation for a few centuries previous to that.

Even the so-called impenetrable forest, which clothes the Eastern slopes of the Andes, has its white residents, and nearly every tributary of the Amazon, great or small, has its settlers engaged in various trades, and there are few, if any, of these rivers, which are navigable, that are not visited by trading launches. Thus an overland journey from Quito to Pará, which appears so formidable an undertaking to one looking at the map, is by no means so in reality.

As this sketch of my trip has been made from a diary, posted daily when it was possible, the present tense has crept into the narrative from time to time and was not noticed till

too late to correct, so I trust my readers will kindly give me their indulgence in this respect.

The illustrations are all from photographs taken by me: but by the time I reached Lima my stock of plates and films were exhausted and I could only secure small plates for my further journey.

I think it only remains for me to explain, as I speak of the British consuls as my consuls, and was occasionally addressed as 'el Ingles,' that I am a British born subject.

A.P.

CONTENTS.

		Page
BOLIVIA.	Oruro	4
	Cochabamba	11
	La Paz	17
	Chilelaya	21
PERU.	Puno	25
	Cuzco	29
	Ollantaytambo	35
	Abancay	40
	Ayacucho	50
	Jauja	61
	Arrival at Lima	64
ECUADOR.	Guayaquil	65
	Quito	71
	Ascent of Mt. Pichincha	74
	Start for Papallacta across the Andes	79
	Papallacta	83
	Napo	103
	R. Aguarico	121
	Iquitos to Pará	139
	Notes on the Caouchou Trade in Ecuador	143

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

MUMMIFIED HEAD OF ECUATORIAN INDIAN.....FRONTISPIECE.

Plate			To face page
I.	BOLIVIA.	HEAPS OF BORAX, LAKE CARCOTE. ANCIENT INDIAN ADOBE HOUSES.....	2
II.	,,	ORURO MARKET AND VILLAGE OF CHALLAS...	6
III.	,,	VIEW FROM CHALLAS. LLAMAS.....	8
IV.	,,	ORURO PLAZA. QUILLAQUOLLA MARKET. ROAD TO QUILLAQUOLLA. ROAD TO COCHABAMBA	10
V.	,,	COCHABAMBA. PLAZA. LA PAZ.....	12
VI.	,,	LA PAZ. MARKET IN THE STREETS. INDIANS WEAVING	18
VII.	,,	VIEWS BY LAKE TITICACA.....	20
VIII.	PERU.	LAKE TITICACA. BALSAS OR BOATS OF REEDS. PUNO. ARCH OF 1847. CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA.....	25
IX.	,,	CUZCO. CITADEL. MARKET PLACE.....	26
X.	,,	CUZCO. GENERAL VIEW. OLD INCA WALLS. INCA'S SEAT. OLLANTAYTAMBO. TERRACE.	28
XI.	,,	CUZCO. HOUSE WITH INCA FOUNDATIONS. INCA WALLS.....	30
XII.	,,	BRIDGES SUSPENDED BY ROPES OF ROOTS. VALLEY OF YUCAY. OLD TELEGRAPH POST	32
XIII.	,,	OLLANTAYTAMBO. CITADEL. VILLAGE AND INCA PALACE.....	34
XIV.	,,	OLLANTAYTAMBO. TERRACES ON CITADEL. ENORMOUS MONOLITH.....	36
XV.	,,	VILLAGE OF CURUHUASI. LANDSCAPE NEAR CHINCHEROS	40

Plate			To face page
XVI.	Peru.	Cuzco, Lane in. Bridge over Rio de Pampas	48
XVII.	,,	Cuzco. Jesuits' Church. Ayacucho Market	52
XVIII.	,,	Lima. Plaza	64
XIX.	Ecuador.	Guayaquil, View. Cathedral. Engineers' Camp, Huigra. Indians	66
XX.	,,	Views near Quito	68
XXI.	,,	Quito. Market Scenes. Llamas. Children.	70
XXII.	,,	To Tablan. Lagoon of Papallacta. Papallacta. Cuyuja	82
XXIII.	,,	Forest Scenes	90
XXIV.	,,	Archidona. Tena. Views on River Napo	100
XXV.	,,	Napo Indians. Canoe and Camp on River Napo	112

Map of Bolivia and Peru

Map of Ecuador

ALONG THE ANDES.

IN BOLIVIA.

A RAILWAY belonging to a large silver mining company, the Huanchaca, conveys twice a week through-passengers to Oruro, the trip taking three days, the train stopping for the two nights at Calama and Uyuni. Early in March, 1902, I left Antofagasta with a few other passengers for Calama. The line rose rapidly from the coast, through a narrow gorge, then across a long desert plain bounded by low, barren hills, but no sign of life, human or otherwise, except at the stations or nitrate fields still in work; and to which water is brought from great distances. Through the whole length of our ride, 145 miles, there was no vestige of natural vegetation, only round the stations a few plants or vegetable patches were cultivated and well watered, for all along the coast from Valparaiso north to Tumbez rain seldom if ever falls, and were it to fall the soil is so impregnated with salts that vegetable life would be impossible.

Nearing Calama, which is 7,560 feet above the sea, we get our first view of the snow range of San Pablo, which forms a spur of the Cordillera of the Andes; here, however, we had to stop, and then proceed very slowly, as the unexpected had happened, and four days ago a fearful storm had burst over the district, the first for 25 years, and had washed away the railway embankment, the train

next passing over, which was the one preceding ours, being sadly wrecked.

Besides the nitrate found all along the line, rich copper ore is dug out of the mountains, as in the time of the Incas, and sent down by rail to the coast. In working on the old mines Indian stone hammers are often come across, and recently the petrified body of an entombed Indian was discovered.

Leaving Calama at dawn we started ascending; till mid-day the line ran across the same desert plain, only to-day we have beautiful snow-capped mountains bounding the horizon, and the snow-covered volcanoes of St. Peter and St. Paul smoking quietly. From Calama we rose 5,630 feet to 13,190 feet above the sea, in six hours, passing through beds of lava two to three miles distant from the craters from which it proceeded. From this, the highest point of the line, we had a sharp run down along the mountain side to Carcote and Cebollar, below us extending an enormous borax lake, 36 miles long by 9 miles wide, of a dazzling white, in some parts liquid, but mostly chrystalline like an enormous field of snow and ice. At Cebollar, where the borax is extracted, we stopped for a short time, and as a result of my endeavours to get a near view and photo of the lake, I had to run to catch the train, and felt for the first time the difficulty of breathing at this altitude: here also for the first time I met Indians.

From here we ran through salt plains, over which small tufts of wiry grass were dotted, and reached Uyuni, in Bolivia, about dark.

Uyuni is about 13,000 feet above the sea, and has a very bad reputation for the "sirocco" or



Bolivia. Piles of Borax from the Borax Lake Carcote. Volcano St. Peter in background.



Bolivia. Ancient Adobe Houses of Indians in time of the Incas.

"puno," a sickness caused by the rarity of the air, though there are many places higher where it is less acute. This is due to the very icy cold winds that sweep the plain from the snow-covered mountains near. Uyuni has a population of 2,000 to 3,000, mostly Indians. Of the whites, the majority consists of Austrians and Poles.

Unfortunately for us it was Good Friday, and the town was full as also the only good hotel. I managed to get a fairly clean bedroom, however, outside, but my meal at the inn consisted of one fried sardine and rice with onions.

Next morning we were off again at six, and rode all day over a plain with mountains on either side; to-day, however, the plain was covered with a short scrub-bush and a very short grass, on which thousands of llamas, mules, and donkeys were grazing. The plains are public feeding-grounds, but only the Indians keep llamas, of which none now are found in a wild state; large herds of mules and donkeys were being driven along for the great fair at Huari, an Indian town near the rail, to be held next week and lasting five to six days. To it formerly Indians and whites flocked from all parts of Bolivia and even the N. Argentine, for here produce, skins, and especially mules were sold. It is now fast losing its popularity, but is still the best place to purchase chinchilla and vicuña skins. The prices of these skins, especially the little chinchilla, have risen rapidly, and where formerly two or three "bolivianos" would buy a good skin, now 10 or 12 will hardly get one, besides which the Bolivian Government has placed an export duty of 4—5 $ per skin to prevent the extermination of the little rodent, as also a duty of six bolivianos on the

vicuña skins to protect that animal. The inexperienced are often deceived by the skin of the "biscayo," also a rodent, rather larger than the chinchilla, whose skin is rather yellowish instead of a bright silver grey, but is only worth a shilling or two.

Nearing Oruro, the Indian adobe huts, and their small villages, became more numerous, and the hillsides and plain (where above flood-level of the shallow lake Poopo across which our line ran) were cultivated. There are profitable tin mines in the hills around, and I had the pleasure of travelling to Oruro with a Cornishman who had spent most of his life out here, and had found and developed a very successful one. Oruro we reached about six, it was raining hard and extremely cold, for though 17° from the Equator, Oruro is about 12,500 feet above the sea and intensely cold.

March 30. Easter Sunday, so hoped to see some picturesque processions, but was doomed to disappointment; what procession there was at Easter took place on Good Friday, and I could learn of nothing interesting for the day. Before my hotel is the principal square, paved with cobble stones. In the centre of this is a fountain, and round it three flower-beds in which are carefully cultivated a few varieties of common vegetables and cereals, as peas, rhubarb, wheat, etc., to show the town Indians, I suppose, how vegetables, etc., grow, for all vegetables and fruit are brought in on mule-back mostly from Cochabamba. Beyond the fountain is the bandstand, then the municipal building the whole length of the north side of the Plaza, while as background immediately behind it is a rather flat-topped mountain about 1,500 feet high, having on one of its crests a

little shrine which celebrates the miraculous appearance of the Virgin, and on the other against the sky llamas can be seen grazing. The town is full of Indians specially dressed up, the women wear short, stout dresses nine or ten inches from the ground, but as they wear six or seven all of different colours and over each other, the whole stands out round them somewhat like the skirts of a ballet dancer, and shows the various coloured edges; the bodice is a tightly fitting jacket of coloured homespun and a low round black felt hat crowns all; some wear brilliantly coloured stockings with boots, others only boots, but many go barefoot. The men wear short, dark jackets of the Bolero type, and trousers to open at the back of the leg from the knee to the heel, a light coloured poncho and a sort of pointed knitted night-cap, usually with a felt hat on top.

In the town are a few old picturesque churches, and a few old houses with beautifully carved but rotting balconies, and large wooden doors studded with enormous nails.

The police uniform consists of grey homespun trousers, and coats with red collars, a red shako, also large grey ulsters, with hoods for wet weather or night wear, in which garb they look like old women. Here, as in all other parts of South America, the police whistle to each other all night to keep each other awake.

The ponchos worn here are much longer than the Chilian ones, are homespun and of very brilliant colours. The second day of my stay here, I arranged for three mules to take me to Cochabamba, and thought I had everything settled to start by 5-30 the following morning, but as no mules were visible at that hour, I roused up some of the hotel people and

hunted the town for my "arriero" or muleteer, whom I found in a little inn with the animals, one of which he said was unfit for use; but he had no saddles or trappings of any kind. Not wishing to lose him again I led him and his two fit mules to the hotel where the manager and all the spectators argued with him and abused him, but it was only a threat to take him to the police which had the desired effect. He then burst out crying, and promised if I would give him a little time to find saddles and harness. So I let him go, keeping the two mules, and after an hour he was back radiant, with a third mule and all necessaries, and by eight we were en route; and as our road lay for several leagues along a great plain to my great discomfort cantered most of the way to Cordorchinoco, the first post, where we halted to rest the animals and have lunch. During my three days ride to Cochabamba, I was continually passing trains of donkeys and mules laden with "pasto," "verdura" fruit, vegetables, etc., for Oruro, and tall stately llamas with their neat little packs made of their own wool neatly bound on their backs by ropes of the same wool. The llamas usually carry ore, about 25 lbs. weight each, from the mines to the railway; this mode of conveyance is cheap but very slow: the llamas picking up a living as they stroll along so cost nothing to keep.

Travelling in Bolivia is facilitated by the maintenance of Government posts at convenient distances along the road. A "Post" consists of one or sometimes two courtyards enclosed all round by long low buildings made of adobe or mud bricks, and entered by an archway. The rooms on either side of the entrance are occupied by the Indian caretakers, the others are for travellers. Each side of the courtyard



Oruro Market.



Village of Challas.

usually contains one large room with a mud table opposite the entrance, and mud seats all round the wall, this for dining-room, and from it an opening leads into a little room with a mud platform the width of the room and about 4 feet wide and a foot or so off the ground, this is the bed, and the window is a hole in the wall; there are no doors or shutters. The traveller provides his own bedding and food, and no charge is made for lodging, but fodder for the animals, which are tethered in the yard, is provided at a moderate rate: and eggs, hot water, or a suspicious-looking soup can be procured from the caretakers for a trifle. My arriero during my frugal meals, which consisted of cold meat and dry bread, used to sit a few yards off on the ground munching toasted maize, and looking up at me as a dog would; so I asked him where his food was, he said as we had left in a hurry he had forgotten it, so I gave him some of mine when we stopped for meals, but on reaching Cochabamba I learned that the arrieros and Indians when they travel live *only* on toasted maize and the soup they get from the Indians at the posts.

The Indians here wear costumes something like those of Spanish peasants of a century ago; short knitted pants to the knees, a bright coloured sash, torero jacket and light shirt, a coloured woven night-cap crowned by a round, grey, felt hat and a footless stocking.

From Cordorchinoco we started up hill to my great relief, as cantering and trotting were now impossible, for my shoulders and back ached, and climbed up a zig-zag route up one of the ridges of the Andes, my mule after endless rests just reaching the top: we could see our road and our night's

"post" away down below at our feet, and beyond it another ridge we have to cross to-morrow. By 4-30 I was comfortably installed in my lodging, fearful lest other travellers might come to share it with me. Soon after five the sun disappeared behind the mountain, and the cold set in, for up at this height it freezes hard every night, and it is not till about eleven, when the sun makes itself felt, that one can doff one's overcoat; and as the air is extremely dry, one's lips and skin crack and chap.

Leaving about dawn we struggled over the cold, wind-swept ridges till on reaching the crest of the highest one about noon, we were rewarded by one of the finest views I have seen. Far down below the road went zig-zagging till it became a mere thread, and along it trains of laden mules and people wound: around me the mountain was barren but for a short grass on which the llamas thrive, while below in the valley all was green—bushes, shrubs, cultivated patches, with groups of thatched cottages. Several leagues away, in a cañon, Tapacari, a large and pretty village, backed by tall trees, now lighted up by the sun, could be clearly seen. Beyond the village lay ridge after ridge, with here and there a higher mountain peak protruding, till the loftier ranges of the Andes bounded the horizon with their purple or snow-white crests.

Llamas, which only live on the highlands, were of every shade between white, brown, and black, parti-coloured and spotted, and in these very cold regions have beautiful coats: the white and the yellow llamas look very handsome, and the young are very pretty. Their trot is ungainly, but they gallop like a deer. None exist in the wild state, and every herd is watched by two or more Indians



View near Challas.





Llamas in Upper Bolivia.

armed with slings, which they use with great accuracy, and by means of which bring in the straying llamas.

We descended the path and made our way to Tapacari, but as it was still early, followed the river course till we reached a sweet little village, Calovino, buried in trees and vegetation, so welcome to the eyes after the parched plain of high Bolivia. Here my arriero took me to a house where they put up travellers, *i.e.*, there is a verandah in front of the house closed at one end, and in that is a mud platform, the bed, and here I had to sleep out of doors, but it is now much warmer. Here I bought from a strolling musician a "guitar," the back of which was a muleto or armadillo, but my musician was very loth to part with it, and came back after he had sold it me to play a final tune, then went on his way quite disheartened.

Till midday to-day our road lay along the river bed, which is about a quarter of a mile wide between beautiful cliffs, but mostly dry with several streams flowing along it, uniting and separating again; the main stream is about 18 yards wide and 2 feet deep, and flows with great speed, and this we had to cross and re-cross some dozen times. About nine we struck off from the river and stopped at a little village, Parotani (24 miles from Cochabamba), here another river much broader and fuller runs in from the East, and we started off along this on a well-made carriage road, shaded by pepper-trees, willows and acacias. Flowers of all kinds grew luxuriantly, and where not cultivated for maize and other grain, there were fields golden with a kind of yellow marguerite. After two hours trotting we crossed to another watershed, and here the road widened a

little to about 30 yards, beautifully shaded by tall willow trees, and narrowing as it passed through two villages, continued right up to Cochabamba. Along its whole length were farms and cottages with natives (Indian) at work, the women spinning or weaving in the doorways. Fruit trees abounded, fig and apple trees laden with fruit, vines black with grapes, while roses and other flowers grew round every house. Nearing Quillaquolla we met crowds of villagers returning from the fair, some trains of laden donkeys, and a number of women mounted side-saddle, for in South America the women in the villages usually ride astride. Many of the women were spinning as they walked along. Their bright coloured skirts, mostly orange, yellow, and red, almost touched the ground, and their bodices also were very bright—majenta, pink, green, or blue—and they wore the usual straw or round felt hat: their men, as a rule wore dirty European dress. At Quillaquolla itself was a large fair, filling two squares and the streets around and connecting them: each market-woman sat under a large quaint, coloured "parasol," which protected herself and her wares.

From here along a fine avenue of tall pepper trees we proceeded to Cochabamba; the heat, dust, and long ride were beginning to tell on me and on my temper, when a well-mounted man overtook me and began a conversation after the style of a catechism. I fell back, as a gentle hint, but to no purpose. He asked me my name, country, profession, if married, and so on. After replying to a few questions I told him I had not so far asked him who he was, his profession, or anything about himself, and also that I didn't want to know: then, seeing my camera under my arm, he asked me what it was,



Oruro. The Plaza.



Quillaquolla. Market Day.



Road to Quillaquolla.



Road to Cochabamba.

PLATE IV.

so I told him "maquina particular," private machine. Then he cross-questioned my muleteer about me in "Quetchua"—the Indian language—and soon returned to the charge, and among other questions asked me what my leggings cost, so I asked him politely to come to the hotel to-morrow and I would give him a list of my clothes with prices: but he stayed on and kept by me till I reached the hotel. Here someone else began on similar lines, so I told him I was a cross between a Turk and a Chinaman, and had answered sufficient impertinent questions that day, so the gentleman made a bow and retired.

Cochabamba is a pretty place of 25,000 inhabitants, situated on a narrow low-lying plain on the Andes plateau. The climate is quite temperate. Few old houses remain, but there are several very large, rich convents, and monasteries, and churches out of all proportion to the population. The Square of the Constitution was once shaded by fine trees, but modern taste has caused them all to be cut down, and finicking little flower-beds to be put in their place. Living is very cheap, as fruit and vegetables and cereals grow luxuriantly, and the plain supports large herds of cattle, sheep and pigs. The hotel, Hotel Colon, was a new and clean one, the proprietor, a doctor who had made money in mine speculations, having just fitted it up from Europe, but the service of the whole building was in the hands of a small boy of 14, for the "patron" was quickly hurrying along to another world by drinking coca and other narcotic liqueurs by the tumblerful at all hours of the day.

The great drink of Bolivia is chicha, made from fermented maize, but unfortunately for those of

fastidious taste, the corn is chewed to induce fermentation. I believe the liquor is afterwards boiled but still it takes a foreigner a long time to overcome his prejudice, though natives of all classes of society drink it greedily. Houses at which it is sold are usually indicated by a little white or red flag at the end of a long thin stick, projecting from a window or door.

Most of the foreign business men are Germans, and a few are not overscrupulous in their methods of making money: one, a brewer, told me he had given up brewing and was going in for *making* Apollinaris, as much more profitable. At my hotel I was shown a box of biscuits, on the four sides and the top of which was written in large, bright letters, "English Biscuit Manufacturers," and in a corner on one side in very small dull letters "made in Germany." Why English biscuits should be made in Germany. and why the labels should be in English at all, for the spoken languages are Spanish and Quetchua, I leave to my readers to guess.

After a few days in this charming spot, in which in spite of all endeavours I could find no curios of any kind, Indian or old Spanish, such as spurs, apparel or ornaments, I started off again with my same arriero and mules, but on the day of departure instead of coming at 5 a.m. as promised, he did not come till ten, with a cock-and-bull story of having walked all night from a distant village, and being robbed en route: but as the animals had not turned a hair, his story got little credence, and his movements were considerably accelerated; reaching Quillaquolla about 11-30, the Sunday fair was in full swing, and service was being performed in the church which was full and overflowed into the



Cochabamba, Plaza.



La Paz. Mount Huani-Potosi in background.

plaza, and at certain times all the market people went down on their knees and uncovered in the square. From here we hurried along by the same road to Parotani, which we reached about four, and thence I took what is known as the "carriage" road to Oruro: it is a "carriage" road when the river is dry, and the boulders have been cleared from the bed, and the way otherwise put in order, for the winter rains destroy the road every year. Our road was for some miles like a pretty English country lane, then darkness came on, and about 6-30 we stopped at a village Ucuchi where my arriero took me to quite a fine house commanding a beautiful view of the river, and having a large private chapel alongside. The "finca" is a league square, and on it are cultivated vines, which make a good wine and a good pure spirit "pisco," also corn, sheep, etc. The host is a fine looking man who is soon retiring in favour of his sons, two handsome youths of about 22 and 24. After dinner and a long chat, about 11-30 I was conducted to a bedroom where to my sorrow I found the eldest son had given up his bed to me, and was going to sleep on the floor outside.

To-day there was great excitement all around here, as a well-known murderer had added another sub-prefect, that of Quillaquolla, to his list, and had passed by the farm this afternoon with 25 men, pursued, but at a distance, by five soldiers.

Next morning I was up and off by dawn, as was also my kind young host, who was off to see about his sheep. After a few miles of pretty shaded road, with picturesque cottages, we struck the river, and till midday our track lay in it, crossing and re-crossing the water course, with the water nearly up to our mules' bellies, and as the river-bed was a mass

of boulders, the ride was very tiring, though the lofty mountains on either side were very pretty. At Arque, a small inconsequent place, we halted for lunch, then on again mostly in the river-bed, rapidly rising. At a spot near Arque a hot water spring flows into the river. Riding hard we reached Ventilla, a fair sized village, almost at the mountain top, soon after dark, a long day's ride of 51 miles. Here I got lodging in the post house, where I was provided with warm bedding, as the cold was very great.

Leaving again at 5-30 a.m. we crossed the Andes ridge about 7-30. In the shade all was white with frost and the still water frozen, and after a long and very monotonous ride over the sandy pampa, reached Oruro at 4-30, having ridden 16 leagues (48 miles) to-day.

To reach the hotel by a side door I crossed a small cobble-paved plaza on muleback, but before reaching the yard, was stopped by a police official, whose depôt was alongside, for infringing their laws. He told me I should have to go to prison till the price was arranged. I pleaded ignorance, and that I was a stranger, and also saw no difference between the plaza and the road. No, that would not do, I should have to be made an example of. But now, he whispered, would I give him one boliviano (2s.) to get let off. Certainly not, if I had done wrong, I should see a judge before I paid anything. "Well, well, as this is the first time, we will let you off," and so it ended.

A boliviano, sol, and sucre are the respective names for the silver dollar in Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, ten of which go to £1 sterling.

Learning that a coach leaves for La Paz in two

days, I booked my seat, the box seat, and got my things ready.

The Coach Company, as does all enterprise of any kind in South America, belongs to foreigners, the natives of all the republics, however wealthy, refusing to start any undertaking for fear of the risk, and then when an enterprise is successful, they abuse the foreigners for coming to their country and making money out of it.

The coach started at six, but with the usual punctuality obtaining in South America, I was not called till 5-40, but as I had arranged all my things overnight, I just caught it. The coach was a light covered wagonette to seat eight inside, and drawn by six mules, and the baggage, mail, etc., were conveyed in a light cart also drawn by six mules, and off we went almost to the minute at a rattling pace through the awakening town, and then across the flat, uninteresting pampa. In addition to the driver, whose whip only reaches to the third and fourth horses, there is a small boy who rides on the step as conductor, but who has a whip also, and when the leaders are slack, sallies out and tries to hit them, but as they always see him coming, off they go, and the poor wheelers receive the small boy's wrath ; but usually a supply of stones is taken on board, and the driver pelts the leaders when slack. Another feature of driving here is the manipulation of the reins, there are six to the six mules, and the driver takes three in each hand, but he is also very proud of the way he uses his feet on the wheelers' reins : fortunately the roads are broad, and there is little traffic.

During the day we changed mules five times, three times at isolated posts, and twice in villages.

One, Caracoles, is quite a large Indian village with a fine church, and some quaint old Indian houses just outside the village. These houses are built of adobe, and are in the form of an oblong block, 14 feet high, by 9 or 10 feet square, and with a small triangular entrance, about two feet high.

The roads were fairly good, and often we and the baggage cart had races, but we got some jolting, especially when crossing river beds. We arrived at Sica Sica, our night's rest, at 5-30, and soon the dark and cold set in. Like most of these small towns, Sica Sica has a fine old church with cloisters, and a large market place. The inn we stopped at was in keeping with the place, with a dirty little bar through which one passed into a courtyard round which were the bedrooms, four beds to a room: still we got a good dinner, and our party of four men and two ladies, all Bolivians and Peruvians, were very gay and merry.

Here the other coach is due to arrive shortly, and we go on to La Paz in it, while ours takes the La Paz people to Oruro.

Up at four, putting on all the clothes I could carry, and off in the dark by five. Our ride to-day was over a flat pampa extending ten miles or so on either side of the road, and bounded by high hills, but well cultivated, and with large villages dotted about on the plain, through several of which we passed, all having picturesque churches, one the scene of an awful massacre during the last revolution, when the Indians also rising murdered most barbarously some fifty whites who had taken refuge there. The Indian population here, in the time of the Incas, must have been very dense, as the hill-sides are a web of stone walls, enclosing their

little patches. Now-a-days no boundaries are used.

At one point on the plain the driver saw six vicuñas grazing, and stopped the coach for me to stalk them, but as they were about one mile off in the open, and the only cover a small corn patch, and as my gun was on the luggage cart, I declined the invitation and we proceeded.

Nearing La Paz the snow sierra of the Andes stood out with Huani Potosi (20,260 feet) on the north-west, Ilimani on the east, towering above their fellows. Near the edge of a cliff the coach stopped, and we got out and walked to the edge, and there some 800 feet exactly below us lay La Paz, a compact town with its red tiled roofs, in a nest of trees and verdure, like a gem. The valley is about ½ to 1 mile wide with a lofty range of mountains rising perpendicularly on the north side, the high plateau on the south, and by its winding form apparently closed at both ends.

Our road down is cut out of the cliff side, and zig-zags down; and along this we went at a breakneck speed, the numerous trains of llamas and mules fleeing at our approach. About five we pulled up in front of the office on the outskirts of the town, and had to walk to the hotel, crossing the torrent that runs through the town, and climbing the steep street that leads to the Plaza.

Yesterday we travelled 75 miles and to-day 87, a total of 162 miles, using for our coach and the baggage cart 144 mules!

La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, is situated at 12,500 feet above the sea, but being shut in it is much warmer than other places of its altitude, and has a population of 45 thousand, mostly Indians.

Here, as in all of the old Spanish towns, there is a plethora of churches and convents, and it was my good fortune to see the enthronement of the new Bishop, his predecessor having been shot. The town is built on the sides of a steep and narrow valley, so that more than half the streets are extremely steep and, considering the altitude, very tiring for a stranger, yet the military band marches up them at a swinging pace, playing at the same time.

Till these lines went to press Bolivia was the only civilised country in the world in which there was no British Consul or Consular Agent: this state of affairs has existed since the last Consul was ignominiously expelled some forty years ago.

A boiling torrent spanned by a number of high bridges flows through the town, and serves as a drain among other uses; this torrent passing into the River Beni flows into the Amazon. There are many old two-storied houses here, plain as a rule outside, and entered through a dull heavy arch, but with a beautiful courtyard, usually containing a garden, and a balcony round the first storey, with finely carved pillars and stairway. My hotel was a grandee's house under the Spanish viceroy's, and the stone balconies, pillars, and step-balustrades are most beautifully carved. Fruit is plentiful and cheap, and I made my first acquaintance with the Palta (alligator pear), having heard a great deal about it. I did my best for it, and after eating some of the tasteless pulp under the skin, I cracked the large kernel to give that a chance; later I gave it another try, but it was only a month or so later when I ate it as a salad that I appreciated it, but then too, I had been on a long mule trip, and was thirsty and tired.



La Paz. Market in the Streets.



Indians weaving. Chilelaya.

At a day's journey from here are large copper mines, and all day one can see the Indians drawing water from the fountain in the square in handsome beaten copper ewers, two-handled and about 24 inches high.

The Sunday after my arrival there was a large meeting in the lower Plaza to present medals, etc., to the soldiers who had returned from Acre, a distant part of Bolivia, also claimed by Peru and Brazil, as it is rich in rubber, and to which they had been sent to assert Bolivia's rights. I have heard later that Brazil has closed the river, which feeds that part, to all traffic. Bolivia has another boundary question, but that is more settled, as the territory is occupied by Paraquay troops at fortified points. I speak of the land from Bahia Negra on the River Paraquay to Confluencia, at Rio Apa, and very distant from La Paz, and with no roads or other means of communication.

The cemetery is situated on the hillside, on the outskirts of the town, a very pretty spot and so peaceful. For the health of the town, bodies are not buried underground, but in niches in a wall, which niche by niche, and storey by storey to five storeys is completed, then another wall is added at angles, then the square is filled, then behind another square, and so on; the space in the centre of each square being planted with trees and flowers, and sometimes a monument or a grander tomb.

There is one peculiar police regulation in this town, and that is that no one is allowed to carry a parcel or burden after dark, this is to prevent burglary. A European coming in from one of the mines, left his horse at a yard, and proceeded to his hotel, carrying his saddle and harness, but was

instantly arrested and conveyed to the police station, there to prove the saddle was his, and to pay a fine for breaking the regulation.

England is by far not the only place where it rains, and during my week's stay here we never had a clear sky, nor a day without rain, so I decided to go on to Lake Titicaca on the post-cart, and wait there for the boat, rather than spend the time in La Paz. So I got a seat on the post-cart, a four-wheeled flat cart on which are tied the baggage, mail, etc., with an insecure raised seat for the youthful driver and myself; the whole drawn by four broken-down mules; the distance to Chilelaya or Puerto Perez is 45 miles, and we changed mules three times. After two hours hard work we reached the edge of the cliff over La Paz, from here our road was on flat country, but lay over boulders and rocks, and our best going was along a river or stream, possibly the road converted into such by the late rains. To improve matters a fearful hailstorm caught us right in the open, and left the cart white when we had run through it. At our last, the second change, we took four other very inferior mules and also a youth, half Indian, who drove at a gallop right into Chilelaya, though the road was mostly bog when not river, and we had the utmost difficulty in retaining our seats. We had a few well-earned rests when the cart stopped to pick up the mail and parcels which were shot off, as also an Indian who had been trying to retain a place on the cart; still there was an element of excitement in this, and we were, moreover, racing the rain. At five we touched the lake, and after half-an-hour's ride along the shore drove into a yard over a heap of timber which eventually stopped the mules.





Views by Lake Titicaca.

There is a coach which runs in connection with the weekly steamers, but I saw the last one start, there were twelve inside and six outside, without the driver and the extra whipper.

Puerto Perez or Chilelaya consists of a picturesque Indian village at the foot of a hill, on a neck of land that runs out into the lake, with the snow giant Illampu (21,288 feet) to the east, and the snow-capped sierra extending all the way to La Paz, past Huani Potosi to Ilimani, which is also clearly seen; but the main front is hideous, here the "whites" live, and there is a row of large one-storey mud houses painted blue, green, pink, etc., all having corrugated iron roofs. There is also a large iron building by the little pier for the customs, and another large iron-roofed building for storage, etc., and the cart road in front of this "esplanade" is little more than a bog. The feature of the lake is the "balsa" or native boat composed entirely of long reeds bound together, and coming to a point at either end; there is practically no hollow to sit in, only a broad band of reeds along either side to keep the water from coming over. These boats are about 12 feet long, and the greater and broader part under water, so they cannot turn over and never sink, they are propelled by a pole or a sail, also made of reeds, hoisted on a mast in the shape of an inverted V. These reeds rot very fast, so the life of a balsa is only eight or nine months. There is no wood in high Bolivia, and all in use comes from the U.S.A., *via* Peru and Lake Titicaca, though there are forests of splendid wood in Lower Bolivia, but no roads or means of bringing the timber up. The cattle are fed almost entirely on the weeds cut up from the lake bottom by knives fixed on spear shafts.

The Indians are hard workers. Soon after sunrise the flocks—sheep, pigs, donkeys, and cattle—are driven out to the grazing lands, the women and children who accompany them spinning as they walk, the children and boys usually with pipes or neat pan-pipes of an octave, one with stopped, the other open ends: others carry their hoes to work the land; some men were ploughing with a yoke of oxen and a wooden plough, others in their balsas cutting weeds for the cattle, and many at home before the cottage doors weaving ponchos or coarse white homespun. The land is very stony, hence possibly the use of wooden ploughs, and the hills are streaked with long ridges of stones, some 10 or 12 feet wide, thrown there to clear the ground for cultivation.

The way the oxen are guided would amuse a European farmer, one rein is attached to the near fore leg of the near ox, and the other to the far fore leg of the far ox.

Every morning I used to climb the little hill and watch this ideal peasantry start on their morning work.

On every house roof here, as in fact on every Indian house in high Peru is a small wooden or metal cross, with the spear, garments, cocks, dice, etc., but I fear their religion is little but idolatry though there is a neat little church here—but no curé.

At last my stay in this pretty place came to an end, and for some reasons I was hardly sorry, my inn was not on a par with the picturesqueness of its surroundings, and sheeps' eye soup with the eyes left in rather spoils one's appetite. The lake steamer arrived and we left on a beautiful evening,

for the trip is done at night. This steamer, they say, cost its weight in silver, as all the parts were brought up on mule-back from Mollendo to Puno, and there put together. She must be about 150 feet long and 10 feet wide, and has two decks, so the accommodation is very moderate. About sunset we left with a very strong wind blowing. Having a full moon, the trip till we passed the islands and the Isla del Sol with its temples, the cradle of the Incas, was very pleasant, but after that the wind increased, and with the very rarified air the result was unpleasant, so we retired about midnight, and woke next day to find our skipper had run us aground a few miles from Puno, and about nine feet on the wrong side of a buoy, and this with a full moon and cloudless sky. After vainly endeavouring to get us off, a steam launch came out and took the passengers ashore.

Lake Titicaca is the highest navigable lake, 12,800 feet above sea level and 120 miles long, with an average width of 35 miles, and has a mysterious subterranean outlet, the other mouth of which cannot be found: the only known outlet is the River Desaguadero which flows through upper Bolivia to Oruro and into Lake Poopo.



Lake Titicaca. Balsas, or Boats of Reeds.



Lake Titicaca. Balsa, or Boat of Reeds.



Puno. Arch to Celebrate Battle of 1847.



Puno. Cathedral and Plaza.

IN PERU.

PUNO, is the head of the district of that name in Peru, and quite a flourishing little town, very clean, and situated on the slope of a hill in a pretty bay open to the north and surrounded on the other sides by mountains. The streets are all narrow, sloping in to the centre, and paved with cobble, with often for a trotoir, one or two rows of very narrow "flags." Many of the streets as water flows down the centre are spanned by pretty little arches. Here there is no wheel traffic, and but few mules and llamas. To the east of the town on an eminence, is a picturesque memorial arch to the second fight at Ayacucho in 1847, and which commands a lovely view of the town and bay. But the feature of the town is the Plaza, with its old and beautifully carved Cathedral on the west side. The Cathedral was begun in solid masonry with strong buttresses, but unfortunately has been finished with cement and rubble, and a corrugated iron roof!

In the Plaza, Peruvian troops doing gymnastics —"Sandow" drill in squads—before the Cathedral steps; in the centre some thirty Indians squatting, weeding the cobbles; a herd of llamas, and the picturesque houses round the square with the green mountain back-ground made a lovely picture. The façade of the Cathedral is beautifully carved, while before it is a large flagged platform and steps to the Plaza, from which the officers were drilling the squads.

From Puno there is rail communication with Arequipa, and the coast and the line also runs towards Cuzco as far as Secuani. For some time after leaving Puno the line runs along the lake and then over a wide pampa, from which the lake had receded, and which is now splendid grazing land. At Juliaca I changed into another train for Secuani, and our course lay on a level strip between two ranges of the Andes, and we rose gradually, following up a river to near its source, to 14,150 feet at La Raya. Everywhere there was green up to the snow-line, and the level country was crowded with herds of all kinds; cattle, sheep, llamas, horses, pigs, alpacas (these latter are rather smaller than llamas, have shorter ears, and are not so angular). Near La Raya we passed several hot-water springs, from which to Secuani, 11,600 feet, the descent was very rapid, and everywhere the land was cultivated up the mountain sides, a regular patchwork of colours, and up the valleys leading to the snow mountains; wheat, maize, beans, peas, etc. Near Secuani is the only cloth mill in the country; it is very small and worked by water power.

The Indian women in these parts wear a different head-dress to those in Bolivia, a large round felt hat covered with blue cloth and embroidered, with a segment of rim cut off back and front, and a small fringe of red cloth at each side. Many of them have their hair done in a number of small plaits (12 or more) instead of two long ones. At one station on the line they brought quaint pottery ware to sell at very low rates, and I got quite a fine horse about a foot high for four or five pence.

At Secuani I stopped at the clean and comfortable Hotel Lafayette, so called, not after the great



Cuzco. The Citadel, Sacsahuaman.



Cuzco. Market Place and Llamas.

general as I thought, but after the late proprietor. At once on arriving, I went to book my seat in the coach for Cuzco, also a British enterprise, the distance is only 87 miles, and the road splendid, but the journey occupies two days; the coach is of North American build, very large and very heavy, drawn by six horses, and takes twelve people inside, three back to and three facing the driver, then two sling benches are let down, seating three each. I asked for an outside seat, but was told that for fear of the rain no one was to be allowed on top, I need hardly say that they were natives who had thought that out: after arguing vainly I took my ticket and retired for the night. Next morning I was up early, and got to the yard some time before starting, climbed on to a box seat and defied them, but as there were twelve for inside, and an Indian servant-girl lying on the roof on top of the small baggage, they left me in peace.

A traction engine had just come up to relieve the traffic from Cuzco here, and was going to-day to make its trial trip under the guidance of an English workman; they call it here an "automobile." At La Paz there is already one which *when* the road permits brings goods from Chilelaya to La Paz, and manages to get down that very steep grade. Its owner, a Scotchman, told me when it first arrived out there, the President and all the authorities came to the square to meet it, and held a banquet to celebrate the event, insisting on my friend leaving the machine and coming to the feast as he was in his working clothes.

By eight we were off on a beautiful road along a plain from one to two miles wide, with high mountains on either side, and a river, the Yucay,

running through the middle. The whole country is under cultivation, principally in wheat, but also in maize, beans, etc., and on the mountain sides every accessible piece is cultivated, mostly in large square patches, giving them the appearance of large draught-boards. The road was thronged with Indian men and women, working or driving their beasts, llamas, donkeys, sheep, and oxen. Most of the cattle had garlands of flowers round their horns, and the huts where chicha is sold were indicated by a pole with a bunch of flowers at one end. The valley is well populated, and we passed through a number of large villages with quaint squares and churches; after midday the valley narrowed, becoming a gorge, and the scenery was grander. At one village there passed us an Indian funeral, a crowd of men and women in front howling, then two black banners, then the corpse in a white gown with a cloth over his face lying on an open bier, no coffin, then other Indians howling; but as usual no curé; an elder officiated.

We stopped at 2-30 for the day, after changing once at an ugly spot and house belonging to the "Post." Next morning at 6-30 we were en route following the river as before and descending rapidly, passing one or two picturesque but dirty villages till we arrived at Urcos, or rather some way from Urcos, for the coach always stops at its own premises and hotel at sufficient distance from a town to prevent the passengers feeding or putting up there. Leaving here, descending as before, the vegetation was more abundant and more "tropical," cactus of several kinds, pepper trees, roses, and flowers. At 1-30 we left the Yucay, and followed up a stream in another broad valley in which were



Cuzco from Sacsahuaman.



Cuzco. Old Inca Walls.



Cuzco. The Incas Seat.



Ollantaytambo. Terrace on Citadel.

PLATE X.

several large villages and fine fincas with large and pretty houses. Most of the land in this fertile valley belongs to Peruvians, and the Indians are labourers, though many also have their own patch.

En route I tried some Peruvian chicha made of maize, but ground and not chewed; a large jugful costs a penny, but it struck me as poor stuff.

We arrived at Cuzco, or rather at the post outside at 3-30, and from here, with the assistance of an old Indian carrying my hand-bag, I made my way to the hotel, and was extremely surprised to see some native boys playing cricket in a field near the post, but this was accounted for later. On we went along narrow, stinking streets, through a few open squares, all cobble paved, past a few churches and convents, the bottom few feet of whose walls were of solid, unmortared masonry, up a street through which flowed a stream, now in the dry season little else than the main drain—some 15 feet below the level of the road, and spanned by bridges. Into this stream is thrown all the offal and refuse which is not deposited in the streets or squares, and at the head of this street was a building with Hotel de Francia y Inglaterra painted on it, but with no apparent entrance, as the ground-floor was occupied by native shops or rather caves. At last I was directed to a dark, cavernous opening with a cess-pool smell: there is but this hotel in the town, so I had to proceed, up rickety dark dirty stone steps I went to the first floor where I was met by two dirty, small boys, and a stout, jolly but dirty negress, the proprietress. They were most attentive, and after giving me quite a decent room, which, however, looks on to the afore-mentioned stream, took me up more dangerous steps to the third storey, from where

I got a good view of the town and the large plaza before us, with a magnificent Cathedral and Jesuit Church on two of its sides, and a market in full swing occupying half of the square.

Cuzco (11,400 feet above the sea) is a town of plazas and old churches and convents, dating from the time of the early Spaniards, and the greater part of them are on old Indian foundations. To the north of the large square rises the ancient citadel, Sacsahuaman, a round-topped hill on the summit of which now stands a cross, and just below it are three large walled terraces, a little lower the ruins of an old Indian palace, and below the Spanish town. On the far side of the hill, facing higher mountains, are the remains of the walls of the old Inca fortress: three rows of about 500 yards, one behind the other, of cyclopean stones, beautifully cut and placed together, with no mortar to bind them, but so well fitted that it is impossible to insert a knife between the stones: the walls are not in a simple curve, but built rather like a ratchet wheel, thus :—



Further back, overlooking the walls, is a series of steps cut in the surface of an enormous rounded and polished granite rock—nine steps up to the seat from the west, and three down to the east, as in the accompanying photograph—it is popularly called the Inca's seat, but, as from the centre step, which faces due east, the first rays of the sun rising behind Mount Azungata are seen, I think it may have something to do with the worship of the sun; though the Temple of the Sun is down below in the town, and now the site of the Church of San Domingo,



Cuzco. Old house with Inca foundations. Mule with forage in foreground.



Cuzco. Inca Walls.

into whose walls are incorporated several parts of the old Temple, and in which is also the smaller Temple of the Moon. On the mountain side beyond the seat are heaps of ruins and numerous holes, witnesses to the futile attempts to find the buried treasure which no doubt does lie buried there.

Returning to my hotel one day I was accosted by a well-dressed man who appeared to take a great interest in my camera, and asked if I could take things in motion. "Of course I can, *como no?* trains in motion or birds flying." Then he said, "there is a señorita walking in the next plaza with her mother, will you take her photograph for me?" I at first pleaded want of materials, then, as he insisted, I explained it was against my principles to take photos of people—except for myself—without their knowledge, and left him.

I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of three Englishmen in Cuzco, the only ones there; they own a large store, are practical men at almost anything, and are active missionaries. I went one evening to a meeting at their house open to anyone who cared to come, and some sixteen natives were present; hymns of their own selection were sung, the New Testament read, each taking a verse, then short prayers and a discourse; and they all appeared most devout; but my host told me only a few were really converts, the others would come possibly for four or five meetings and then discontinue. The only drawback to the meeting and to any meeting in High South America is the awful odour, for in these altitudes none of the natives bathe, they may possibly wash their hands and faces, and even occasionally their clothes, but a complete bathe is a

thing unknown. The city too, is pestiferous. None of the dwellings are provided with sanitary arrangements of any sort, and all the garbage and filth which has to be got rid of, and which is not deposited in the streets or squares, is simply thrown into the stream which flows through the city and under the hotel. In the dry season, as when I was there, the pile of putrefying filth had almost filled in the gulley before the hotel, and I could hardly stay in my room; still I saw natives drawing water from the stream which had trickled through this heap—heaven knows for what purpose. The few other streams which flow through the city and down the streets are treated in the same way, and from these the town draws its water; it is therefore almost superfluous to add that typhoid claims hundreds of victims, one of the last being one of the kind English Missionaries.

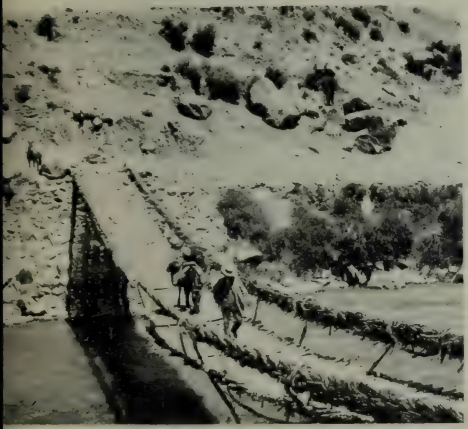
My third day here I got an arriero, an elderly-looking respectable man, and with him arranged for four mules or horses for two days hence, one for me, one for the muleteer, and two for my baggage, unfortunately I could not see the animals as they were on a farm some miles away. I should have done better to have waited and bought my animals. The animals were due to be with me at 5-30 a.m. on May 1st, so I was up at 4-30 and soon went in search of them managing to start at seven, but with three poor-looking beasts, the fourth to join me in two days. It was a glorious morning, and we gradually climbed the hill behind Cuzco, then up and down over four ridges, till we reached a gorge which led to the River Yucay, and along the side of this we went, with a magnificent view down the ravine below, and soon of the Yucay itself, with the sierra snow-caps



idge, suspended by ropes of roots, near Urubamba.



Valley of River Yucay, near Pissac.



Bridge, suspended by ropes of roots, at Pissac.



Chillelaya. Old Telegraph Post.

in the distance, and a pretty little village laid out at our feet some 1,000 feet below: then around the mountain on our aerial path till we got another bird's-eye view of sweet little Pissac over the river, and connected by a country suspension bridge with this side. These bridges are made of ropes of fine roots twisted together, and fastened or weighted down in their places by heavy stones; on two or three of these ropes are laid a number of thin sticks side by side to cross on, while two others, one on each side, serve as suspenders and rails at the same time; on the sticks a long strip of rough matting is placed, so that the mules' feet shall not slip between them. To cross, one has to dismount and lead one's mule, or often drag him by main force, the bridge swinging the while. At Pissac there are some interesting Inca foundations, but my arriero wanted to get on, so we hurried away and on along the river bank, which along its whole length was cultivated and gave pasture to numbers of cattle and sheep. After a short stop for lunch and to rest the mules we were soon off again, but though the road was good we made but little way, as the beasts were poor and my arriero very sleepy. About four we passed through the town of Calca where my man wanted me to stop, but the "tambo" or caravanserai looked so uninviting I insisted on proceeding, and half-an-hour later wanted to stop at a finca, but a boy from the farm said they had no forage there, so on we went, soon through a hedged-in lane, with pretty but dirty cottages. At each my muleteer asked for forage, but though the fields were covered with maize no one would sell any. At last, just at dark, we struck a dirty little Indian cottage, which was willing to sell some maize stalks, and into the tiny

yard we went; the hut was a one-roomed one, and so small and dirty it never occurred to me to sleep in it, so I selected the cleanest and most protected part of the dirty yard, spread my waterproof sheet and arranged my bed; there were also no eggs or any food to be got, so I made some soup with Liebig, and after a cup of tea lay down to sleep under a beautiful starlit sky. Up at 4-30 by moonlight, roused my arriero, and by six we were en route along a lovely lane with cottages on both sides and the ground well cultivated; the vegetation almost tropical, with many kinds of cactus, geraniums, creepers and convolvuli; soon we passed through the length of the village Yucay which had just awakened, and Indians were going to their several occupations or squatting in mid-street buying and selling meat, vegetables, etc. Soon after we entered and passed through the quite large town of Urubamba, which contains five or six tambos, numerous shops, saddlemakers, blacksmiths, etc. Then for some time along a beautiful lane shaded by trees from which hung flowering creepers, and round which hovered humming birds: then under the shady crags of almost overhanging cliffs till across the river I saw what looked like a ruined mill on the water's edge; it is an old Inca house, and we are close to Ollantaytambo; on both sides of the river the sloping ground is terraced for cultivation as in the South of France, by stout walls of stone from the days of the Incas, in some places as many as a dozen tiers, and extending for miles. A little nearer the town on the almost vertical mountain side over 500 feet up, stood what looked like a large two-storied house, but roofless—an old Inca ruin. On reaching the outskirts of Ollantaytambo about



Ollantaytambo. View of Citadel.



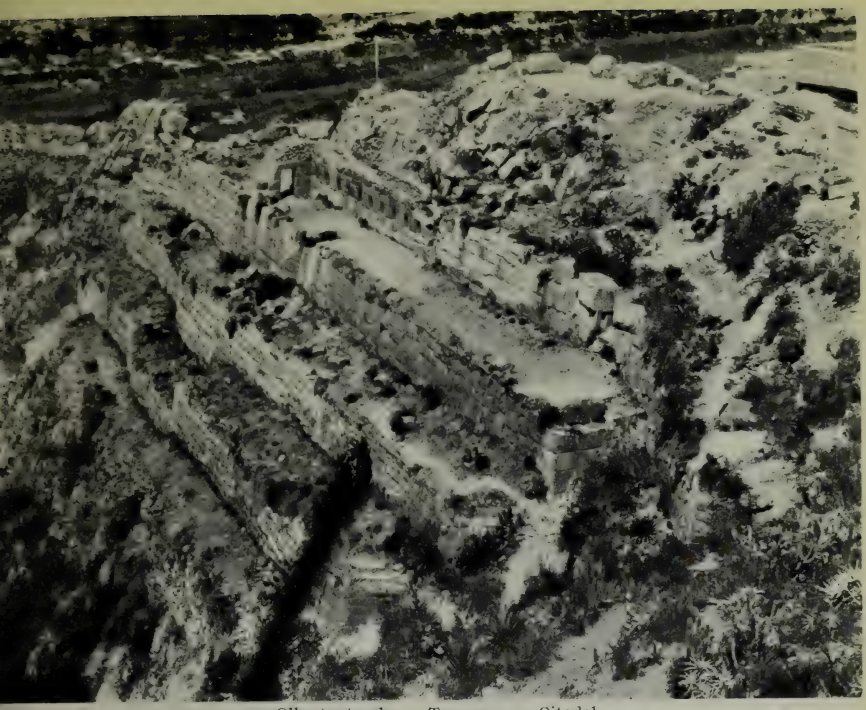
Ollantaytambo. Village and Ruin of an Inca Palace.

eleven, my muleteer stopped at a litttle hut under a shady tree, where we had lunch and a rest (eggs here are 6 for ¾d.), and then set out on foot for the citadel, for Ollantaytambo was an old Inca stronghold with an apparently impregnable citadel, of which now much remains. Here, as in Cuzco many of the houses are built on old Indian foundations. As I entered the plaza a young Peruvian came and introduced himself, accompanied me round, showing and explaining everything, and before I started off again, had a meal prepared; this I give as one of the many instances of South American Hospitality. The citadel is situated like an old Greek one, on a rocky hill about 300 feet high with the river winding round it, in the form of a Moorish arch; and on its south, the steepest side parts of a magnificent wall remain, though most of the stones have been removed for building. At the foot of this fortress, is a little square with the old walls and gates in fair condition, and near the summit of the hill on the east side a terrace with archway at the end, and doorways or windows at the side, above this are a few enormous stones which have been thrown down from their places, though three still stand upright and look like armour plating. Above and all around are ruins of stone and adobe houses. High up on the mountain side to the east and facing the fortress are two large two-storied roofless houses. I suppose these were built high up for safety from marauders. About one we left this charming spot, crossed the Yucay, by a new suspension bridge, retracing our steps for a few miles down the opposite bank to which we came, then turned up a narrow gorge to the south, through which a dashing torrent flows, and gradually rising but on a fair road traced it to

its source till about five, when we reached the large village of Huaracondo where bells were being rung, guns fired, and music played; it is the eve of the "Feast of the Cross." Just as we entered the plaza from one side the old arriero with a boy on the promised fourth mule entered from the other. He carried across his knees a long hammer gun, but I learned it was not loaded, and on inspection saw that the owner had good reason for not loading. We joined forces and proceeded to hunt for lodgings, and after several fruitless draws finished up at the schoolhouse, *i.e.*, we got permission to fix up on the floor of a large schoolroom, one side of which was open to the yard in which were our mules; forage was very hard to get, as were also the ten eggs and two sardine tins (for five men) which constituted our evening meal.

About dark a sort of band, drums, flutes, etc., with Indians in masks and skins, singing and shouting, entered the plaza carrying a large cross with a long, white cloth tied about it: up the steps of the church "platform" the crowd went, laid the cross down flat, and started dancing and singing round it, occasionally stopping, uncovering, and all kneeling, then on dancing again. One man in a mask carried a bull's head in his hands, and had a bull's tail fastened on behind, and kept charging the people who fled out of his way. Some of the Indians in their masks and skins looked like drawings I have seen of red-skin Indian witch-doctors. This is called the "llama" dance, and is evidently an old custom tacked on to Christianity.

These crosses, with their white scarf, are set up in the fields to insure good crops. There was no curé in this village, though so near to Cuzco.



Ollantaytambo. Terraces on Citadel.



Ollantaytambo. Enormous Monolith.

Up at dawn and off breakfastless to Zuriti, three miles off, where we arrived at 6-45, our road being along an Inca cultivation terrace, with others above and below us. Zuriti is a very pretty little village, with the usual large square and church out of all proportion to the wants or size of the village, and also curateless. Here, with great difficulty we procured a few eggs, and with these and some dry bread made a kind of soup for our breakfast, and at eleven we parted, the arch scamp of an arriero and his boy for Cuzco, I with my arriero, a poor horse, one good mule and two skeletons, for Ayacucho : on our way we met quite a number of little parties carrying their cross accompanied by a drum, flutes, etc. After crossing a long flat pampa for several miles we started rising. At several places on the road the ground was riddled with holes, and quite alive with small dusty-looking ground bees.

At noon we reached the summit of the ridge from which I had one of those wonderful panoramas peculiar to this mountainous country. The snow range of the Sierra forming the whole background, and below this were various ranges of hills with their lovely gorges, while over 1,000 feet below at our feet lay the cultivated valley. The ride down was long and slow, and mostly in a lane, lined with beautiful flowers and creepers and shrubs, alive with insects and butterflies, and a few pretty birds ; once down we followed the torrent along the valley, passing through a sweet little village in which was a fine Inca wall about 150 yards long, and 15 high, with six or seven "doors" in it. Soon after, still passing through a lovely overshaded lane we reached the pretty valley of Limatambo, and about three miles further crossed the torrent and put up at

a finca whose owner, we had met en route, had given us permission to use. The only inhabitant was a dirty little boy, but I soon made myself at home, installing myself in the long "corridor" balcony which looked on to a rough garden, where flowers of all kinds were growing, roses of many kinds, oleanders, oranges, iris, jasmine, geranium, and fuchsias, and just beyond the garden the torrent dashed at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain. In this verandah I fitted up my bed on a broad wooden bench, but had little sleep, so got up at four, and by five we were under way by moonlight. My muleteer also had very little sleep, and said the cause was—fleas. We had a beautiful ride along the torrent amid tall bamboos and pampas grass, and soon through thick acacia bush, and then gradually rising above the torrent, our path lay on the side of a very steep mountain, and was for the most part only a few feet wide, with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet below, yet these obstinate beasts would always walk on the very edge, frequently sending the stones rattling down, and from time to time a foot partly slipping. We passed several large sugar fincas and factories, and descending again, crossed the Apurimac River on a very fine new suspension bridge, and after a short halt in a swarm of flies and a roasting sun, at eleven, started up again surmounting ridge after ridge, rising to a great height only to descend to cross a small torrent and then to rise again, but all the while in lovely scenery, the River Apurimac winding along in a gorge some hundreds of feet below, while above the mountain across the river tower the snow peaks of the Andes. The trees on the lower levels were mostly acacias,

covered with grey moss, one kind hanging down a foot or so from the branches, besides these a tall, thin parasitic cactus grew on the branches, as also a small flowering plant like an aloe. Just before sunset we arrived at the pretty village of Curuhuasi, where I finally got lodging in the governor's house, and remembering my last night's experience elected to sleep in the "corridor" in preference to an inside room, and also slung my hammock some feet above the ground to prevent an invasion, but the dogs kept up a concert all night, and soon after midnight were assisted by a healthy chorus of cocks. While here several of the chief villagers came to see me, and have a chat, and strange to say were not rudely inquisitive. To-night I gave my arriero a bottle of caña, a very strong spirit made from sugar-cane, and lived to regret it, for at daybreak when I wanted to start, I found my horse so lame it could hardly walk, having kicked itself badly in the night, yet my muleteer had saddled it, and insisted on my mounting; this I refused, and made him transfer my saddle to his mule, leaving him to ride the skeleton, and let the horse go free. To cure the horse of its lameness, before I could stop him, he had run a penknife about an inch into the poor beast's foot just above the crown of the hoof. So we started off, but the lame horse was as cunning as the Evil One, and through every break in the lane it ran into cornfields usually followed by the pack mule and pursued by the perspiring muleteer; and though lame he had his work cut out to catch the horse. After wasting an hour or so in this manner, I suggested his tethering the horse to the pack mule, and so we went on till we began ascending the mountain which lies between us and Abancay, for then the skeleton

gave out, and my man did the rest of the trip on foot. Soon my little beast showed signs of distress, so I got off and walked towing the mule. With four animals, only one—the pack mule—was working, still we reached the summit at last, and could see Abancay, a little town, miles away, surrounded by cultivated patches, mostly sugar-cane, in a narrow level piece of ground, high hills all around, and beyond these the mountain waves of the Andes in all directions; and I was eagerly looking forward to my arrival there as my muleteer told me that last time he came through, there was an hotel, and also because a little stream flowed through the town. But my dream of a cool bath was soon dispelled, for as in all other towns the stream was the main drain; anyway we pulled up in the courtyard of the hotel, only alas! to find it was no longer one, so I sent my muleteer out to find lodging, and when he was gone was pestered by impertinent natives, whose questions I said I would answer if they found me lodgings. Soon my muleteer returned and led the way into a large yard, on which opened several back doors, and a bad-tempered woman opened one, which led into a tiny unused shop, one room 12 feet by 6, with a table and shelves; this is my lodging; an inquisitive native entered, but he soon beat a hasty retreat. Having got my things together and sent the muleteer off to look for new mules, I started out to explore, and stopped in front of a building where I saw a number of people: immediately an office boy ran out, and asked me to come in which I did, thinking the Mayor might want to know who I was etc., but a dirty-looking man at a desk looked at me and then at a paper he held, said I was exactly like it, and told me to go and see the Prefect, so I went



Village of Curuhuasi. Peru.



Landscape near Chincheros. Peru.

in through the courtyard, and up steps to a room where a fat man with a black cap sat at a desk; he shouted at me to take my hat off, so I removed it remarking that he had his on, he was wearing a black silk cap; then he began catechising me in an impertinent manner, so I answered sharply, and when he asked me where I got my money from for travelling, I told him that was no business of his. A very gentlemanly captain was there, so I showed my passport, which I had on me, and then went back with the officer to my room to get any other papers I might have, and back with them to the Prefect, who took the whole lot, diaries and all, and said my identity was not yet proved, and that I must go to prison till he had heard from the Consul at Lima. I thanked him for his kindness, saying I had come out to travel in search of adventures, and imprisonment was one I had not yet experienced, and would make a very nice entry in my diary, which I asked him to return for that purpose, but which he angrily refused. I asked what crime I had committed and what I was wanted for, but was not answered. The print they had was the portrait of a *bald*-headed man, and my head is *not* bald, and so far I have not met any barber who has succeeded in raising a crop of hair in spite of all the advertisements. Well, off I went to prison, followed by two privates who carried my belongings, my former inquisitive tormentors gazing at me with pleasure. I believe they complained of me for not answering their questions. On arriving the lieutenant on duty and the captain decided to put me in the guard room, 16 feet by 9, with no window, the light coming through the doorway which opened into an archway: here I had to turn out all my belongings on to the floor for

inspection, and my money was taken away. The guards were most obliging, gave me table, chair, pen and ink, and had dinner brought in to me from the Chinaman's little restaurant; a couple of benches side by side served for my bedstead, so but for the loss of liberty I was much better off in prison than in my quarters; after my dinner I had a number of visitors with whom I chatted about my travels, etc., among them came the Sub-Prefect, a local man, who would improve his own health and that of his neighbours by taking a bath. I hear he is a European hater. At nine I retired to rest, while my lieutenant slept on the floor by the door, but my sleep was disturbed by two sentries who kept shouting out the pass-word at each other at intervals of 10 minutes all night. This is done to show that both sentinels are awake and also alive, for as the buildings are of adobe it would not be hard to cut through them quietly and surprise the sentry.

At six I got up and watched an inspection of prisoners in the yard; the prisoners do not receive prison fare, but so much per day, a few coppers, and send out to purchase what food they like.

Last night I sent for my arriero, but as he had drowned his fears in caña I had him come back to-day at ten, when he was still suffering from that complaint, so again sent him off to find him at four, and again at seven, still suffering. The first night he knew he was "bad," so handed his revolver to our landlady to keep, and she took advantage of the situation by telling him when he went to claim it that he had not given it her, and as on his own confession he was drunk, he never saw it again.

At eleven a youth came to say that the Consul at Lima wanted my private address at home, and

about five, as I was getting annoyed, he returned to say I was free, and conducted me back to the Prefect, who was now most polite and profuse in apologies. As a favour I asked and got permission to stop in jail as I should be much more comfortable there than in my lodging.

I gather a European is wanted for bank robbery or murder, and as I was the first European to pass that way, I was arrested to show their zeal.

Next morning the Prefect saw me passing and called me up to his room where he kept me for two hours, making me several presents and twice ordering the unwashed Sub-Prefect to find me mules for my trip, which he would not do; but that mattered little as my arriero woke up enough to find two very good ones, so I went round and thanked the Sub-Prefect sarcastically for his kind attention. The noon I spent chattering to several flourishing Chinese shopmen, they are Christians and have adopted new names, as also European dress, and have discarded their pigtails.

At 4-30 I went back as requested to see the Prefect; soon two or three others came in, and he asked us all to dinner, to which after numerous drinks at short intervals we sat down; it is almost needless to say the party was lively; there was only one feature I did not approve of and this is a Peruvian custom; when the host says "salud" or "health" everybody drinks and only then, and our host being kindly disposed said "salud" every other moment and it began to tell on the others. After dinner we retired to the drawing-room in which was a piano which had not been tuned since it left Europe, and as some songs had been seen when overhauling my effects, I was kept at the piano,

singing each song three times till I struck, and left to look after my arriero. Next morning when I went to say good-bye to the Prefect, he complained of a headache and told me that last night after I left he and a friend went to a dance, and on coming out lost their way, and did not get home till after four. There are only two streets in the town, parallel and about half a mile long, beyond and all round are cactus, acacia, and aloes.

Well, then, at 8-30 I was once more en route, armed with a letter to prevent more mistakes by over-zealous servants, and with three strong mules for work, and a small one in case of accidents. Our road lay through some of the finest sugar "fincas" of Peru, along a lane of flowering trees and shrubs, and carpeted with flowers, yellow and blue being prevalent, and after crossing the river by an old Spanish stone bridge at nine, we started to climb the mountain, and only at four reached the top, from which I could see my goal for the night, the neat little village of Huancarama, six miles away in a valley, and at the foot of another mountain which to-morrow we have to cross.

Here I called at the Governor's house, a poor little place and tumble-down, but he kindly asked me to sup with them, and then placed at my disposal a large empty room overlooking the village green or plaza, and commanding a magnificent view down the gorge. Off next morning at six, and travelled hard, having 30 miles across three ranges of hills before reaching my destination for the night, Andahuaylas: en route I passed through a small village where every-one, man and beast, was busy with the crops of maize beans, gathering them in, while hundreds of animals, oxen, sheep, pigs, and goats were busy gleaning.

In the days of the Incas good roads afforded easy access to all parts of the country on both sides of the Andes, but the principal road ran from Cuzco to Quito: parts of this still remain, and between Cuzco and Ayacucho I was frequently on it, but as the road has certainly not been kept in order since the Spanish viceroys, and was originally made of small square blocks of granite, travelling on it was painful, for many of the blocks have disappeared and most have shifted from their places.

A few loads of granite setts shot into a road and left to settle would fairly represent the present condition of this famous highway.

At Andahuaylas I hunted up the Sub-Prefect and gave him my letter from the Prefect, and got a warm welcome. This Sub-Prefect was a busy man, and while I was there tried several cases, mostly of Indians; one was that of a son for an assault on his parents, who had brought him before the magistrate; all spoke at once, but the magistrate was a second Solomon, and put the offender in prison. A young lieutenant in attendance took me out to see the town, introducing me to a number of his friends in a sort of cabaret, all were drinking the usual poisonous Lager beer and tried to persuade me to do the same, one more fuddled than the rest said I was a Boer,—I was wearing a large African felt hat, and had not shaved for a week—and proposed the health of the Boers, which I refused to drink. In passing, I may say that all South America is pro-Boer, as their sources of information are derived from the subsidised papers of France, but many fancy that the Boers are an African, black race. I returned to my Sub-Prefect for "dinner," but as he was here "en garçon," and is evidently not a gourmand, we fared badly, our dinner

consisting of two plates of soup. The cook is an Indian boy. To supplement this meal my host produced two Paltas, alligator pears; in La Paz I had given them two trials, but not succeeding either with the pulp or the very large kernel, had passed them over as a fraud; but to-night I ate one with salt and pepper and it was excellent,—perhaps it was the dinner that set it off. Later on the Amazon I ate one with sugar and powdered ice, but then I had a fair amount of food and did not appreciate it.

After dinner my host sat down to an old untuned hurdy-gurdy of a piano, and played till I gave in and retired to my room, the potato store room, for the night. I was up again at five, and after a glass of milk fresh from the cow, for which the boy and the calf had a struggle, I left my kind host to pass through a district with an especially bad name for thieves and brigands, and was advised to carry my gun ostentatiously to frighten the ruffians, but I found it more convenient to leave my gun in its case on the pack mule. After a pretty ride along the river we climbed a steep hill, and then for several hours wound our way up and up over dreary deserted stony slopes: here, for the first time, I felt the "sirocco," finding a difficulty in breathing and feeling rather faint; my arriero was suffering from another complaint, and kept looking uneasily round every few minutes as if he expected every tuft to cover a score of brigands. I felt quite at ease, knowing that I looked in my dirty sage-green suit and unshorn condition by far the biggest ruffian on those plains. Anyway, by three, we passed out of these ill-famed highlands through a gorge, then across a spur of beautiful grazing land, where we startled several "biscayas," or "viscachas," and on the further side

at our feet lay a deep valley, partly cultivated, with thousands of cattle and sheep, shut in on either side by high mountains with sharp, jagged spurs jutting into it, and facing us, apparently closing the valley, an enormous range of deep blue mountains. About an hour before dark we saw pretty little Chinchero in a nest of green trees, and entered it through a long lane of yellow genesta and sweet smelling herbs with tiny flowers. Here the maize harvest was in full swing. I asked for the Governor's house, and after being bandied about was sent to a small, doorless two-roomed cottage, high above the village with a lovely view: as my host did not seem anxious to feed me, I offered to buy some eggs (the proper price here is 12 for a medio, 1d.) my host said eggs were six a penny, and on my acquiescing in this extortion he made me some soup, and boiled me six eggs, which I supplemented with a little cheese, bread, and some meat which I was carrying with me, for bread is only obtainable in large towns, as are also cheese and meat. A hungry-looking cur was watching me, and I believe I gave him a crumb or two; then I put the table in the centre of the small room, on it made my bed, and piled all my effects on a sort of bench, having placed my provisions on a plate, tied all up in a napkin. My host and his wife had previously retired into the other room: my room was also more or less of a hen-coop, for a hen and a litter of chicks had one end, while a white cock and some hens were roosting just over me. At ten or so I was roused by the entrance of a man, who said he was the Governor. I learned that to avoid hospitality which might cost him 6d., when a traveller arrives and goes to his house as I did, the Governor's people re-direct him to the brother's

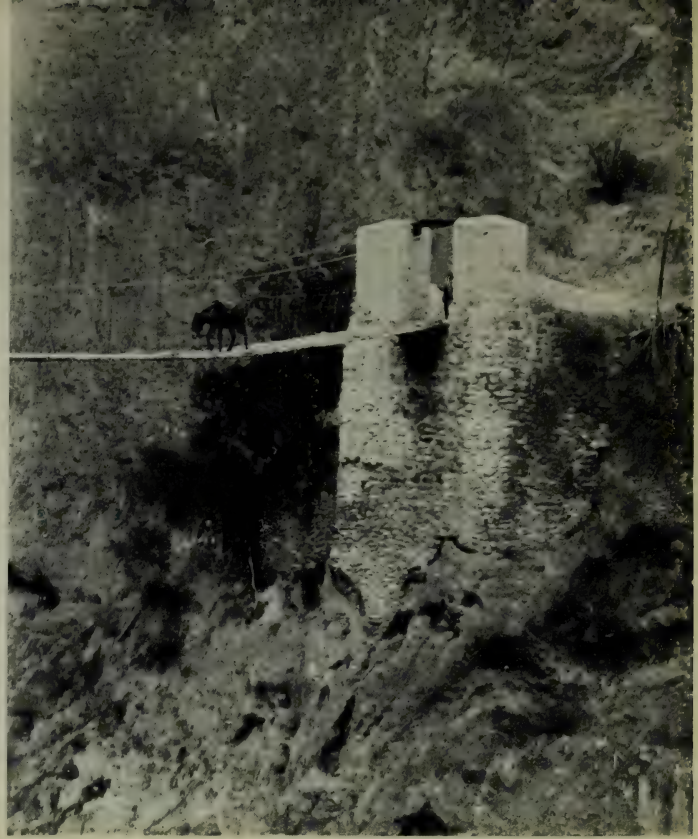
house, which is just below his. I thanked the Governor profusely for all his kindness, telling him I would mention it to the Prefect—then he left me. But I had a poor night.

I don't know what hours European poultry keep never having slept in a hen-coop, but in this part of the world cocks begin crowing at 1-30 a.m., then start again at three, and at five o'clock with day-break settle down to a good hour's hard work. Sleep being impossible, I got up and found that rain in the night had driven a couple of Indians out of the yard into my doorway where they were sleeping. By five we were ready, but to my dismay I could not find the napkin with my provisions, and none of my baggage was disturbed, so I accused the Indians in my doorway. They put it on the cur, but that seemed too thin (I mean the excuse), but later the plate and torn napkin were found in a field hard by, so it might have been the dog. Anyhow I gave the Indian, who also guided us through the village, a small coin to sooth his wounded feelings.

We soon began a very steep descent through a wood on the mountain side at the bottom of which the trees were leafless and covered with hanging moss two or three feet long. We soon struck the Rio de Pampas and followed its course for some miles in lanes of tall cactus and aloes and thorny acacias; the cactus were covered with cochineal insects. In one of these lanes we passed a number of muleteers armed with long guns, also en route for Ayacucho; their guns looked very ancient and very rusty, and my muleteer, who usually lagged behind, now seemed in a hurry to get on, so I brought up the rear, and as a gentle hint I dropped a cartridge No. 450 from my revolver. Soon after this we



Cuzco, Lane in.



Bridge over Rio de Pampas.

reached the new suspension bridge, which is 70 feet above the river, 50 yards long and about 4 feet wide, of which the photo on preceding page gives a good idea. Two 2-inch steel cables hold it, and the bed is of narrow planks, rather loose, with a matting in the centre for beasts : the bridge swings so much that only one person and animal crosses at a time. I had crossed leading my mule, then the others were sent on one by one. Once over we had to climb a perpendicular cliff about 60 feet high : there is a narrow gap in the cliff about 10 yards wide and at an angle of 75°, and in this is cut a narrow zig-zag path with about thirty turns leading on to the plain above. It needs a strong mule to climb or descend, especially when laden, and at one spot was a large patch of blood hardly dry, where a mule had fallen yesterday. When half up this ladder I looked back on the bridge and saw a mule on it with a man in front and another behind ; the mule was scared and the man behind it was trying to hold it in by the tail, and the man in front to keep it from bolting, but it did, knocking both down on the bridge and running over the front one, yet no one was hurt apparently. The bridge is open from sunrise to sunset, and there is a small toll.

After an hour's rest, when I regretted my stolen food, and during which we were plagued by a little yellow fly, which bites you without your feeling it, but leaves a tiny blood blister, which with some people is very irritating, we started climbing again, and after following up a valley for two hours my arriero said he had mistaken the way : so I gave vent to my pent-up feelings (for the marauding cur had kept well out of sight this morning) and refused to go back as he wanted to, so we climbed the hillside

striking a path some 1,500 feet up, which led us on to the right road. About 4-30 we saw Orcos, our destination, high up on the mountain side, almost at the head of the valley and about five miles off, but before we could reach it a terrible thunderstorm with hail and rain burst on us, soaking us to the skin, but had almost passed by the time our jaded mules reached the square of Orcos; the Governor was absent, so the alcalde or mayor (the village consists of thatched mud huts and has about one hundred inhabitants) gave me an unused mud hut: so after a little soup and a few eggs and toasted maize, I turned in for the night. To-day we were 10½ hours en route, and to-morrow we have a long day of about 14 leagues, but I have offered the arriero a "bonus," so if the animals don't die on the road we shall reach Ayacucho before dark. About four we were afoot and by five en route up a very steep hill and slippery from yesterday's rains, but after two hours we reached the top, and had a very long monotonous ride over fairly level land, but cut by numerous ravines about 300 feet deep which we had to descend and climb up again. About three p.m. we saw Ayacucho in the distance, and hoped to be there by four, but it was not till six, and then racing to get in before the storm, that we arrived: for the ravines I spoke of trebled the journey. The hills to the east of Ayacucho, and the road here for the last few leagues are almost pure limestone. I had been told there was a good hotel here, and had built hopes of a day or two's comfortable rest, but soon learned that the hotel had been closed, and was directed to a sort of restaurant in the courtyard, where the host was a very irritable old man, whom at first I took for "peculiar" or drunk from his almost unintelligible

Spanish, but soon learned he was a Christianised Chinaman with a French name, European clothes, and no pigtail; but his Spanish was most certainly Chinese. With the assistance of a quiet young Italian who was there we soon got on good terms, and I had an empty, windowless, vaulted cellar to sleep in. After a very good dinner at ridiculously cheap rates, cleanly served and nicely cooked, I turned in, making my bed on two benches. Below is the menu of my dinner with prices attached. 1 sol = 100 centavos = 2s., so that 10 cents are a fraction more than 2d.

Breakfast—Coffee or tea, milk, sugar, and bread, 10 c.

Lunch—Soup, 5 c.

Large plate of beefsteak and fried potatoes, 10 c.

Large sweet omelette or rum omelette, 10 c.

Cup of tea or coffee, 5 c.

and other dishes at similar rates.

I was up early next day, and not wishing to be again arrested, made my way to the Sub-Prefect (as the Prefect was absent), but could not see him till 9-30, so went on a voyage of inspection, striking a second large square where a busy market is held daily; all kinds of fruit are sold here and very cheap, as are vegetables, meat, bread, and native-made stuff. The market women sat under their peculiar large umbrellas of grass or reeds, and made a very pretty picture. An arriero hunted me up and we almost came to terms, but this time I would fix nothing till I had seen the animals. I then called on the Sub-Prefect and asked him if he could find me a lodging for a few days, so he sent an officer

with me, and I had to hire two empty rooms for a month! There is no service and no water, except at a fountain in the street a block lower down. I may now mention that no houses in Ayacucho, or other high Peruvian towns, are supplied inside or outside with "sanitary arrangements," so the early riser has to be wary as he walks the streets, else he will fare as did Henri IV. in Paris, when going to mass, at the hands of a student, but here at the hands of all the "ladies."

After lunch at the Chino's, the best restaurant in the town, and Ayacucho has about 2,000 inhabitants, I called on the Sub-Prefect to thank him, and made the acquaintance of several officers who were very nice fellows, and gentlemen: the only foreigners here are three or four Italians who assisted me in all they could. About seven I returned to my deserted apartments, and fixed up my bed on a couple of tables: supplementing my bedding with a fine double poncho I bought here. Fortunately a shower of rain fell, so I caught a little in my "rubber" basin and saved a journey to the fountain.

Ayacucho contains many solidly built houses, with the date 1824, the year of the battle of Ayacucho, which ended the Spanish Dominion in S. America, but most of them are in ruins, or with the doors blocked up, used as Indian dens. The churches look poor and are all in decay. On the façade of one I noticed a carved elephant; how did that get there? On the cathedral of La Paz I noticed two "angels" exactly like the figures on Benares brass ware.

Next day I spent mostly with my Italian friends in their tiny store, and saw that human nature is the



Cuzco. Jesuits' Church.



Ayacucho. Market.

same all over the world, for the Indian women who came in to buy a few centavos of cheap print or ribband, turned the whole store over, and as often as not went out having bought nothing to make hay in other shops. I had also the pleasure of meeting an Argentine who is staying here to study the locust plague and how to combat it.

On my third morning, as my arriero and his mules had not come in from the country, I pretty well fixed up with another, when No. 1 came in to say his animals are here, but No. 2 is a friend of my former man, who naturally wishing his friend to have the job, has rather put off No. 1 by some tales of my barbarity to himself and the mules. Still I saw the mules, and four fatter and bigger animals I have not seen in this country, so in the afternoon we both went to the Sub-Prefect, and a contract was drawn up for my protection. I was to have a muleteer, possibly not the owner, and four mules, one for him, one for me, one for the baggage, and a spare mule in case of accidents, and to-morrow at dawn we start. I was really grateful for this delay, for since my arrival I had been very ill. To-day a wandering troupe of torreros arrived here, and are going to give a display in a few days: they are the guests of a "blood," who sent them in after dinner to the little Italian café I used to go to, and followed them on a rather spirited horse on which he rode into the tiny café just big enough to hold the horse. I was sitting on a stool, but on its entry made a bolt for a bedroom near, and luckily, for in turning the horse its foot slipped and letting out smashed the stool I had just left. Under these circumstances, in spite of urgent invitations to stop, I left for my quiet quarters.

Up at 5-30, I had tea at my Chino's, but it was not till nearly seven that my arriero arrived, with eight animals, his peon, an Indian, to be my companion, and a crowd of women, also Indians, by 7-30, the mules were packed and sent on with the peon, while I and the arriero went round to see the Sub-Prefect, whom after a short interview we left at 8-30, my arriero trying to embrace him on saying good-bye: this is a Peruvian custom, which, however, the Sub-Prefect did not fully appreciate. After going a few minutes we found the peon about 50 yards from where I had left him still surrounded by his weeping women folk, and he looked a regular Caliban. I was sorry to disturb the family grief, but was already over three hours late, so had to harden my heart and sent on the bewept peon.

The arriero is taking three sore-backed animals to a farm some four leagues on, and is riding a pretty little horse, so with my lot we are eight animals all told. The peon is wearing a pair of pants which Joseph might envy for their many component pieces. We had a long day before us, but the road was good, and the distance not great, only—this time my animals were too fat and soft, and when climbing a hill, and it was mostly hill, would stop every few yards, until I found this was merely a habit and not done from fatigue. My arriero, after leaving the "sorebacks" at the farm decided to come on with us, as Caliban could not speak Spanish, and was unable to properly care for the horses, and chiefly because he feared I might make his fat beasts run: his showy little horse was too weak, so he walked most of the day, riding only when near or passing a village, and poor Caliban did the whole journey on foot, for, in the

first place, he had not got a proper saddle, and secondly, he could not ride. At 7-30 an hour after dark we arrived at Fulcamarca in the wet, thoroughly tired, as I had not got over my indisposition at Ayacucho, and put out by these fat lazy beasts, for we ought to have arrived at least two hours earlier. I went to the Governor's house to ask for lodgings, etc., and was ushered into a large well-lighted room full of people, the village Padre, men and women, eating and drinking (they were celebrating the Governor's birthday); having satisfied their curiosity about me, I was sent out into the wet to an old barn and then asked the arriero if the Governor would kindly boil me some water, or tell me where I could get firewood: the arriero returned to say that the party were celebrating a birthday and were mostly drunk, and the Governor had told him it was too late to boil water or sell firewood! So in spite of the wet and cold a few dry biscuits were all my dinner.

Up next day at five, and left the inhospitable village and started down a steep hill to cross a stream, and mount again to descend and cross the main river by a picturesque root-rope suspension bridge, with sticks and canes laid across, but full of holes and in a fearful condition, the matting for the mules being quite rotten; yet a toll was levied toward the construction of a new bridge. We lunched and rested the mules at a pretty farmhouse in the sweet little village of Urubamba. Two men in the farm were setting the warp for a poncho. Still up-hill and a very steep one and no village near where we can procure chicha to drink, for it is very hot (in Peru the maize for chicha is ground and not masticated, and the drink is refreshing and nourishing). To-day's journey was short, still we

did not arrive till 5-30, for as both men were on foot, it was no good my trotting. The country we passed through was very pretty, well cultivated, with a few artificial ponds and a small lake in which cattle were feeding on the weed, and boys bathing, and numbers of llamas feeding near. On arriving at Acobamba, the chief official put the Casa Municipal or Town Hall, which consists of a large room with a platform at one end, at my disposal, and had me some water boiled to make my "Liebig" soup, and tea. Then, after a chat with two or three inquisitive natives, I retired. All day I had been much put out by the slowness of our going and by always arriving at our destination too late at night to get any comforts, and decided to have it out on the morrow, Whitsunday, with the arriero.

Soon after four, I was up, turned out my arriero and made him look after the mules, told him he and his horse would have to go back, for my signed contract was for the peon to ride on a horse which I had hired for that purpose and not to walk as he was doing, and that he himself and his fancy horse retarded us. He did not seem to like my plain talking, and was most abusive, and we did not get off till 6-45; then he hung behind and let us go on ahead, but the peon could not look after the baggage and loose mules, so the arriero had to help, and again came on with us. Over fairly level grass plains rising gradually we went, but it was a dull, dismal day, dreary, monotonous and cold. We left the quaint village of Paucari to our left, standing on a plain studded with hundreds of needle-shaped rocks. After a short interval's rest at midday, we started on again, very gradually rising over green pampas. Storms were gathering all around, and

soon rain, then snow fell, and kept on till night driving over us, the only human occupants of those heights. Lower down we passed herds of sheep, amongst which were some Inca or four horned ones, two horns upright like a goat's and two curling like a ram's, then higher up were a few llamas who apparently enjoyed the cold, a few very tame eagles and pairs of large black and white geese were all the living things we met. We continued rising and rising, ridge after ridge, but never seemed to get to any habitable spot or the crest of the mountain, and yet Colchon, our destination, should be three leagues from our lunching place. About 5-30 we were on a long flat plain white with snow, here I got off and walked, leading the mule. The ground for miles is covered with a sort of hard mossy fungus growing in lumps, and on these we slipped about falling occasionally, but at 6-30, as I could no longer keep my feet, I mounted again; it was now quite dark, and we were on a large open plain, surrounded by snow peaks, and the arriero admitted they had missed the track. Fortunately we had a splendid moon and might possibly find a hut for to-night; about seven we reached the crest of the hill, and began a very dangerous slippery descent, in which I expected to lose at least one mule, but God brought us in safety to a fairly level spot, when the peon seeing some huts upon the hill-side suggested our stopping the night here, to which the muleteer agreed, so I gave vent to my pent-up feelings, giving them both my best and strongest Spanish. My feet were soaking and frozen as were my hands, and my kit all more or less wet, and no prospect of food or a fire. One hut of Indians refused us and I was not sorry for it looked awful; then some 200 yards higher up almost

under the mountain peak was a collection of five little huts in a circle, enclosed by a stone wall, with other stone corrals around for llamas, sheep, etc., and to this we were welcomed, and as I put my foot into the enclosure an Indian held out his hand, and as I took it doffed his cap and kissed my hand, as did also the other who was with him. One of the five huts was a potato store-house, with a sort of verandah, and here I was to sleep, so I spread my mackintosh sheet on some reeds and made up my bed. The yard before the huts was full of dogs, pigs, children and chickens, who helped to beguile the time till my arriero, who was of a forgiving disposition, had had some potato and egg soup prepared for me. As he usually has two-thirds of the soup his forgiveness may not be entirely disinterested. Unfortunately I had no spirits to keep out the wet, so retired to rest in my damp shake-down in the snow among the Indians and llamas, much happier than I was at noon.

After a good night's rest I arose at 5-30; the thatched roofs being white with frost as was the ground, and after some tea and a glass of fresh milk, was off along a flat road high upon the mountain side, leaving our hospitable Indians about 6-30. Away down below like a silver thread ran the River Angayacu, and we followed its course, but high upon the mountain side, passing high over a pretty village, surrounded by fincas and fields of corn and maize. A long and very steep descent brought us to the river's edge, which we crossed on a very rotten wire suspension bridge, and decided to rest here, at 10-30, for an hour. There was boiling of all kinds going on, and general sausage making, and I soon learned that the chief sausage maker was an Englishman,

who kindly asked me to lunch with him and his partner, a Peruvian, who is a toll collector, and who has a large farm near. The sausages, pigs-feet, etc., are by-products, the main article is ham, which is prepared here for Lima. I was kindly asked to lunch with the partners and family, and was very loth to leave at one, having already sent on the animals, as I had been asked to stop a couple of days to shoot deer and "biscaya." We now followed the Angayacu up its course, generally but a few feet above the water, passing a few very pretty villages, surrounded by tall trees which they improperly call cedars, and about 2-30 we passed Yscuchaca, a compact little village on the right bank, with a large church and square surrounded by houses, having on one side the Town Hall, with a first floor "corridor" full of people, as was also every point of vantage round the square; being a church feast day they were bull-baiting. Continuing our course along the river, on a splendid road—our wretched fat beasts could scarcely walk—we passed a peculiar formation of rock on the high bank opposite, and then a large spring depositing matter like a "dropping well," and about five, reached the neat little farm of Carmes, which belonged to the almost child-widow of an Englishman, with whom her mother was staying. They were Peruvians, and the husband died only a few months ago. They received me very kindly, and after preparing me dinner, came in with the major-domo for a long chat. Next morning we were off about 6-45, and as we toiled very slowly up the long slopes, after a volley of abuse I offered a bonus to my muleteer if we should reach Jauja before dark to-morrow. For the last day whenever we halted or spoke to passers-by I got them to join with me in

ridiculing the owner of beasts too fat to travel, and this had a considerable effect, as ridicule is a powerful agent. About one we halted to rest our animals, and from there had a view of the long flat plain through which the Rio Mantaro flows, with Huancay, our night's resting place, twelve miles away, almost hidden in the grove of trees. At the foot of the hill we passed through the village of Poucara, where another Whitsun feast was being held, and where also we saw horses used for threshing, by being driven round and round on the heaps of cut corn. Once on the flat we raced all we could to escape a storm, but in vain, and ere we arrived at our destination were well soaked. Here, fortunately, two Italians were just opening an hotel, and all was clean, if not quite in order.

Next morning I had the baggage mules off at six, and stopped till seven to indulge in the luxury of coffee, bread and butter. All day our road for the ten leagues to Jauja was beautifully flat and fairly interesting as we passed through a succession of long, clean villages, arriving at four o'clock at Jauja, which, to my disappointment, was quite an uninteresting, unpicturesque place, though above the town on the hill was a row of small ruined stone and adobe houses of old Indian times.

Here, also, I found a fair hotel kept by an Italian, and once my luggage installed, I paid my arriero the "bait" I had promised him, and to my great surprise and dismay, before I had time to defend myself, he embraced me, in spite of my daily abuse. I attached my signature to the contract sheet, stating on it I had arrived safely at my destination, and was pleased to see the last of my muleteers and the fat beasts.

My landlord was most kind in procuring me three animals for to-morrow to proceed to Jauja, a distance of 14 leagues, 52 miles, and in generally looking after me, and his charges were so moderate they could hardly have covered expenses. As the journey was a long one and the moon was good, I had arranged to start at 4 a.m. I was up at 3-30, but there was no sign of any animals so at 5-15 I sent a boy to hunt up the muleteer who was calmly sleeping; he pleaded illness and at 5-30 sent a small boy with the beasts, and at six we were en route, myself on a strong little cob. After two leagues of flat road on which we passed through two villages with plazas on which meetings were being held, and where the Casa Municipal walls were decorated with rude frescoes, portraits, ships, etc. of the early picture-book type, we started climbing and after surmounting the first ridge my horse began to limp: I examined his legs and feet, but could find no cause, unless perhaps when being shod last night a nail had hurt him, still we had to go on, for as we were doing the short cut over the mountains to Jauja, there was no village of any kind all the way where we could leave him or get another, only now we had to walk, and after our halt about noon, I took the mule and told the useless boy to walk; this he did not do, but rode the poor lame beast most of the afternoon, on and on over rolling and gradually rising plains, over one ridge to find another, on all sides round grassy hills, till quite late, when to the east and west, the snow-capped sierra was visible. The mules were apparently tired, I say apparently because as soon as it got dark, and they found we were not going to camp out on the hills, they started off at a very quick pace, and the white baggage

mule went so fast I could hardly keep up to him. All the day he had been shamming fatigue, and was as tricky as the Evil One, running off to the right or left at every opportunity, and grazing, or mixing up with the strings of freight donkeys going in the opposite direction and going with them. On one occasion seeing some small Indian huts he made for them, but I cut him off from them, so he lay down in sheer cussedness and tried to roll on the baggage, but I was off my mule in a second, and gave him two kicks which effectually cured him of that habit. After a glorious sunset we reached the highest point and soon after that heard the welcome sound of a train whistle, so cannot be far from Arroya, still we had two hours descent before we finally got there at eight. As terminus of the rail from Lima there is here a great demand for mules to distribute goods in the district, to supply the mines and for communication with the Amazon via Tarma. None are bred here, and most come by sea to Callao, the port of Lima, and then slowly by road up to Arroya, gradually getting acclimatised to the great height en route. So one can always sell at a good profit mules which have come overland from Cuzco, as they are already acclimatised and ready for work. For the head of the railway Arroya is quite an insignificant place, but the hotel is large, clean, and pretty good, and it was that which concerned me most. I meant to rest here one day and go down with the bi-weekly train the day after, but I had heard of descending on trollies, and was very anxious to get one, but finding that impossible decided to go down on a goods train in an open car. So I was up at four, and at five left in a van : it was bitterly cold and freezing hard.

Arroya is about 14,000 feet high, but from there the line zig-zagged up the mountain like a mule-track right to the snow peaks, everything around was frozen hard or white with snow, still the llamas did not seem to mind it. About the highest point we pass through a tunnel coming out just under the summit of Mount Meggs, so called after the American Colonel Meggs who built the line; from here we descended, following all the time the stream, then river, Rimac, but high, very high up on the mountain side, while hundreds of feet exactly below could almost invariably be seen the line we had immediately to pass over, and when no "side" gully offered itself for the line to curve round thus :—

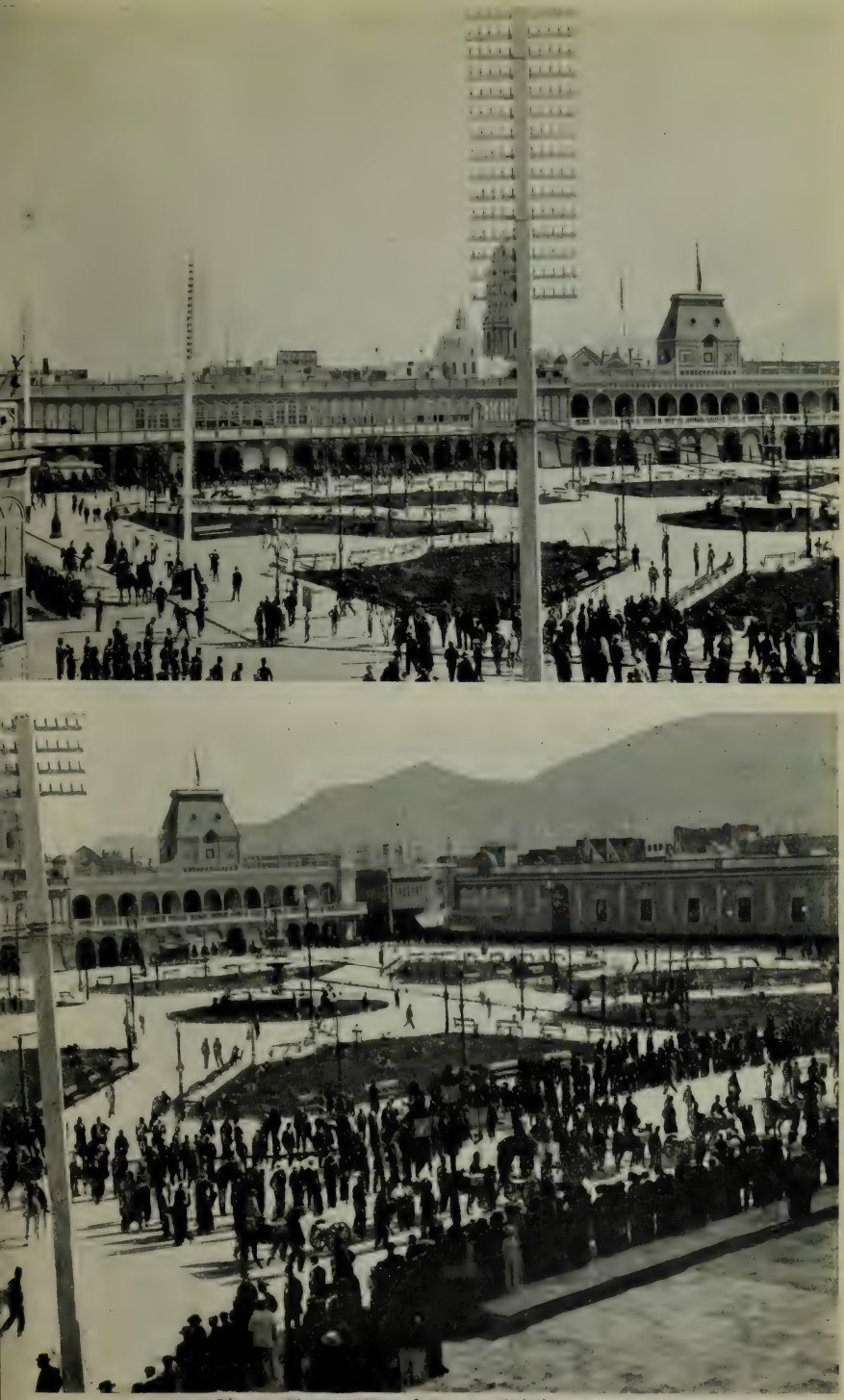


we descended by a sharp ⎺/⎽ the engine pulling, then pushing, and finally pulling again. For a great distance the track had been cut out of the solid rock, with miles of tunnelling: all the time we had a beautiful view from the open trucks of the grand scenery with Mount Meggs and the snow-capped mountains to the east, down below the white torrent and winding paths up and down which laden mules and llamas passed.

About nine we stopped at Casablanca, where are metal purifying works, vomiting clouds of brown smoke completely obscuring the sun. Here as elsewhere along the rail the houses, churches, etc., are roofed with that hideous corrugated iron. On and on, down and down, the vegetation rapidly improving as we descend; at one sharp turn we ran into a herd of cattle which were resting on the line, and two

calves got under the truck (the engine was then pushing behind), and after some time one was pulled out alive, but the other had to be killed. Soon after this we were down on comparatively level ground, and slipped along between eucalyptus, banana and orange trees, and at four arrived at Chosica, a pretty country summer resort for Lima folk, and 2,500 feet above the sea; the station hotel is clean and good, and has a bath (two in fact). Next morning, the 24th, after leaving Cuzco I arrived at Lima, usually called the Paris of West Coast, but why?

Lima is quite a modern town, with fine shops and well-built houses, and no trace of anything to indicate its age.



Lima. Plaza. Fête of Corpus Christi.

IN ECUADOR.

ON the fifth day after leaving Callao we reached Guayaquil, having stopped at Salavera, near some guano islands, at Pajasmayo, Eten and Paita; the infallible object of interest in these ports was the army of pelicans, either performing their evolutions or fishing, *i.e.*, falling like a large stone from a height with a great splash into the sea and rising again almost instantly with their prey; but at Eten the shore black with myriads of seals, useless as far as the skins are concerned from the amount of oil in them, offered an alternative diversion.

Soon after Paita we left the rainless coast, and on waking in the morning found ourselves in the river (or rather the estuary) Guyaras, whose banks were thickly covered with tropical vegetation: such a relief after the barren yellow cliffs of the last four days. In the days of the Incas this barren coast was well irrigated, produced fine crops and supported a teeming population. Then as now the pelicans were protected for the sake of the guano.

After considerable unpleasantness and hustling started by the competition of boatmen for one's baggage, and augmented by an enormous river steamer full of overdressed Ecuatorians, who had come off from the bank just 100 yards to welcome some passengers, for half an hour turning the ship upside down, and nearly crushing the ladders, I managed to get ashore, and got a room in the fairly decent hotel, and our kind Consul to whom I had a letter showed me what was to be seen here.

Guayaquil is by far the largest and most important city of Ecuador, and is not as I had pictured it a collection of palm and bamboo huts shaded by palms and banana trees, but a quiet up-to-date business place, with a fine row of three-storied houses extending for a mile along a broad open road on the granite river wall, and there are equally fine streets inside, and a network of trams supplies the people with easy and cheap means of locomotion. The houses and the churches are built almost entirely of wood, as masonry was regarded as more dangerous in time of earthquakes, but owing to recent disastrous fires I believe the latest buildings are of stone or brick.

The area of the Republic of Ecuador is a little more than twice that of the British Isles.

The great industry of Ecuador is cocoa, this republic being said to produce one third of the world's crop. The cocoa is brought down in beans on boats or rafts, then taken to the various offices to which it is consigned. Here the beans are spread out on sheets in the sun to dry, but more commonly they are dried on sheets in the main street: when dry, weighed and packed, are shipped to Europe or the States, but strange to say in all Ecuador there is only one chocolate or cocoa factory, and that is run by an Italian.

Through all South America you will hardly find a genuine native, *i.e.*, Spanish-American, who will put his capital into any enterprise; he likes to discover a mine, generally by proxy, or to find where paying land, such as rubber forests, exists, or to get the concession for, say, railways, waterworks, electric light, etc., and then sell the concession at a fancy price; but as for putting any money into the



View of Guyaquil.



Cathedral at Guayaquil.



American Engineers' Camp, Huigra.



Indians near Quito.

undertaking,—brains they cannot put,—that is far too risky, besides which it savours of trade, and their pure Spanish blood, thickened by Indian and Negro, could not submit to such an ignominy.

Besides cocoa there is a large export trade in "ivory" nuts, of which coat buttons are mostly made, and which are brought 150 miles down the river on small bamboo rafts.

Though at the sea level and near the equator, the heat is by no means oppressive here, and on the West of the Andes now, *i.e.*, the English summer, is their dry season, and this they call their winter (in Peru this time of the year, the dry season, is called summer), but on the East of the Andes it rains incessantly at this season which is called summer, so one is rather apt to get put out if one arranges one's trips by the seasons.

At Guayaquil my friends advised me to reach the Amazon by the Napo river from Quito, instead of returning to Peru and making it from Cajamarca or Arroya-Tarma, saying that that route was much shorter, and so it is in point of mileage taking into consideration the ground (or rather water) over which I should have to retrace my steps, but as I found later the Peruvian routes are practically high roads, and the journey is done comfortably on mules till one reaches the River Marañon or Ucayali, and then down in launches to Iquitos, and thence in steamers to Parà. How the journey to and down the Napo was done I will relate shortly.

In Guayaquil it was my good fortune to meet some of the American officials connected with the railway which a now American (U.S.A.) company is extending towards Quito, and which in some far distant day they may reach. Some 25 years ago

Garcia Moreno, one of the few patriotic and disinterested Presidents, had the line built from Duran, a little place on the east of the River Guyaras, and almost facing Guayaquil, to Victoria, a perfectly level line, but for the most part across swamps, and the present company is taking the line over a range of hills into the great fertile plain of High Ecuador, and so far has 30 to 35 miles of the new line in use; and with the assistance of these officials, and recommendations from our kind Consul at Guayaquil, my journey was greatly facilitated.

Leaving Guayaquil about 7-30, I reached rail head, at Huigra, about five, the early part of the journey being through large sugar and cocoa plantations, and was kindly received by the American engineers who accommodated me in their camp, and next day supplied me with mules, which otherwise in this mushroom township I should have had great difficulty in procuring. The railway bed is constructed (June, 1902) for about 60 miles further, and the lines laid for about ten, so we used the railway bed, and our progress was rapid and easy. Before reaching our destination for the night, Alausi, we passed up the side of the Devil's Nose, an enormous and almost perpendicular cliff, on which there is a fine switch-back. This was the hardest piece of work on the whole line, and has been splendidly done by an English contractor.

At daybreak I left Alausi and also the line, taking a short cut over some high mountains and along a large sandy plain to Guamote. On the mountain I came across several llamas, but quite small in comparision with those of Peru and Bolivia, and here the men wore rough alpaca or sheep skin trousers, the hair outside.



Road into Quito from South.



Eucalyptus Avenue, Quito.

PLATE XX.



Road from Quito to Pomasqui.



View to North of Quito with Cayambe (Volcano).

At the inn I met an American, the Commissioner for the St. Louis World's Fair for 1904, and from here we travelled on together, our first day's journey of 21 miles terminated at Riobamba where we found a new, clean hotel (a one storied house), and were very comfortable.

Riobamba is a largish town of 5,000 to 6,000 people, has broad streets and several plazas, a few handsome churches and some well built stone houses, is situated in a great fertile valley, surrounded by high mountains, beyond which again are the snow caps of Chimborazo, the Altar, Tunguragua, and the smaller volcanoes, now unfortunately covered with clouds.

After a day's waiting here to secure mules, we left at five for Ambato, 36 miles, and for four or five hours travelled round the foot of Chimborazo, which was still enveloped in clouds, and arrived at five at our destination. Ambato is almost as large as Riobamba, and is a busier town, picturesque and clean, prettily situated in a hollow, and surrounded by hills and hidden from view to one approaching it, till within half a mile of it. From here frequent coaches run to Quito: the "express" coaches, little wagonettes to carry five or six, leaving at 4 a.m., reaching Quito at 6-30 p.m. the same day, and the more comfortable heavier coach leaving at 12 and arriving the following evening. On this latter my American friend and I took seats, the road constructed by Garcia Moreno over twenty years ago is mostly "cobbled," and as it has only been casually repaired at intervals since, is in very bad condition, and driving at the rate we did, the jolting and shaking were very painful even to us strong men, but heaven only knows how two sick passengers survived the journey.

The road is fairly level, and runs through the centre of a grand fertile valley in an avenue of volcanoes, whose peaks were again unfortunately hidden from our eyes by clouds.

That evening we reached Latacunga (9,000 feet), a large town of a few thousand inhabitants, and a good new hotel just opened for the coaching service. Yet in spite of the newness of the establishment, there was the same floating or rather skipping population which had made our last few nights so unpleasant. In this neighbourhood are springs of a very good mineral water, with a little sulphur in its composition; this is bottled and sold in Quito at 1d. per per bottle (with a deposit of 2d. on the bottle).

There are two springs from which the water is drawn, and as one is used for bathing in—for skin diseases, etc.—it is advisable to find out from which spring the water is taken.

During the night the clouds lifted, and at 8-30 in the bright moonlight I had a lovely view of the snow-clad cone of Cotapaxi, 19,500 feet.

As we have 55 miles to do to reach Quito the coach was due to leave at 4-30 a.m., and soon after that we were en route, Cotapaxi still free from clouds to the east of us, and in front of us the peak of Iliniza (17,200 feet), towering over the clouds. Till eight, we had a beautiful view of Cotapaxi, though its base was always enveloped in a mist, which gradually rose, and with the heavy banks of clouds which came up from the east quite enveloped the summit, but while that was visible a small cloud, the shape of a perfect semi-circle hovered exactly over it, though there must have been fierce winds blowing round the volcano, for as the other clouds reached





Quito. Market Scenes.



Llamas.



School Children.

the peak, they seemed to be torn to pieces and sent circling in shreds into the sky above.

About nine we crossed a ridge, 11,700 feet high, and passed over into another watershed, that of the River Esmeraldas. We leave Iliniza behind us, and soon have on our left, the west, the Corazon, from a fissure in whose side lava is flowing; later we cross another ridge, and get a distant view of Quito, almost hidden in a hollow at the foot of the two Pichinchas (14,600 feet), almost extinct volcanoes, and at five ran into the town through a beautiful avenue of tall eucalyptus trees, crossing a couple of bridges, and up very steep streets till we were all turned out at the coach office.

We had been told there were no hotels, so with the assistance of some friends of my companion we engaged rooms in a house alongside the office and learned that a Frenchman, M. Charpentier keeps a good restaurant. The food was good and cheap, but the price of the wines and beer prohibitive, the latter, made in Quito, selling at 1·60 sucres or 3s. 4d. a bottle.

I called on our kind Consul with my letter of introduction and spoke of my proposed trip over to the Amazon, but he painted it very black, describing the paths of mud in the forest and the foot disease caused by the very fine mud, the poisonous snakes and boas, Indians, scarcity of food, etc. He also told me there were no buildings of Indian origin or of any antiquity in the town, as the earthquakes had long since destroyed them all, and, as I could see for myself, many of the older churches had enormous fissures in their walls.

Quito like all South American towns, has several large and fine plazas on one side of which there is

usually a church and convent, and in the middle a fountain to draw water from. The principal square is prettily laid out with plants and palms, and has the Cathedral occupying the south side, and the government building the west.

The Church of the Compañia, as the Jesuits are called, is a gem of carving, and has one of the prettiest façades in South America. From a custom of placing a large stone cross, 12 to 14 feet high on the pavement at a short distance from the seven principal churches, a custom peculiar to this town, Quito is known as the City of the Seven Crosses.

In one large plaza there is a daily market of produce, fruit, vegetables, meat, etc., also ponchos and home-made fabrics, and the whole square is densely packed with Indians in their bright-coloured clothes, and with a few "whites" here and there making their daily purchases; in the centre is the fountain surrounded by a throng of water-carriers with their huge jars on their backs.

Quito is certainly cleaner than Cuzco, and one is not met by the offensive smells on every side, and also as the canals that run through the streets had been wisely covered over by President Garcia Moreno they cannot be used here as in Cuzco as a receptacle for all the filth and ordure which are thrown out of the houses, so the water that is drawn from them for cooking or drinking is fairly clean.

Besides the civilised Indians who form the greater part of the population of Ecuador, at Quito one meets Indians from the various tribes around with smeared faces, long hair, and scanty garments; those from the Napo district carrying large staves to walk with.

The "white" women all powder and paint to a

degree that is digusting, and the principal occupation of the Indians, when not working is hunting for lice in each others' heads and clothes. Just before entering Quito I saw a group of three, the child sitting in the road at her mother's feet, and the father just above the mother, he hunting in his wife's, and she in her daughter's head.

As in the other high countries of this continent, bathing is not much in vogue, my American friend and I used to have for our morning bath a small tin-lined packing case, as baths were unprocurable.

Let me caution any who think of crossing over to the Amazon or the Oriente against buying scales for weighing the gold dust, which unscrupulous tradesmen say you can get from the Indians for trifles, and advise them *not* to buy from the said tradesmen (or others) trifles, as rings, knives, fish-hooks, etc., with which to purchase the gold, etc. The only useful, though rather cumbersome article is a coarse native calico, lienzo de Chillo, and with that one can buy what food there is to be found, or possibly with it pay the wages of an Indian carrier. What gold the Indians find is looked after by the few "whites" who live dotted about in the auriferous district for that purpose, and who would deeply resent a casual traveller poaching in their domains. Current coin, especially small change will serve for all one's purchases. Gold dust is brought from these districts and Columbia, and these whites sell it to well known buyers in Quito at 31 to 32 sucres, 62/- to 64/- per oz., so there is not much profit in that business.

One of the aforementioned tradesmen has also some worthless imitations of old armour for sale, against which curio hunters should be on their guard.

The weather was against me, for though I was up by sunrise every morning I could never find the sky clear enough of clouds to get a good view and photograph of Cotopaxi to the south-east, or the flat plateau-like peak of the volcano Cayambe (19,200 feet), to the north, and whether Antisana (19,330 feet) is visible to the east, I had no opportunity of deciding.

Being strongly recommended to climb and enter the crater of Pichincha, I made the necessary preparations, and with the assistance of the chief of the police got two miserable beasts, the only two procurable in the district, and was given a small police-boy as guide; he had never ridden before, but did his best now on a bundle of rugs and mats for he had no saddle, and was continually slipping off. We left at two in the afternoon for a farm-house on the slope of the volcano, and about 8 miles from Quito, and for some time on a good road, but we took a short cut and our path was then along a narrow watercourse, sometimes between high banks which almost met over us, and what light might have reached us was shut out by the ferns and bushes, and at others the watercourse was so narrow and slippery that we had to dismount and lead our stumbling beasts. Anyhow we reached the farm just before dark, and found the owner and his wife prepared for me, as they had been warned of my coming a few hours previously, and they treated me excellently. As my jaded steeds were quite unequal to climbing the mountain, my host got two strong horses for me, and my police-boy, and gave me two of his men well mounted as guides, and sent a good lunch up with one of them. As the mountains are usually clear at night and cloud up after sunrise, we

left the farm at 3-30, but the weather was against me, and though, there being a full moon, one might have expected a fine night, we had only a cold drizzle and mist ; at 5-30 dawn gave us a little light, and by six we had daylight, but not a glimpse of any of the snow volcanoes, or even the peak above us : by 6-30 we had reached the snow-line, and going very difficult : an hour later we were at the crater's edge in snow some inches deep, with a gale of cutting icy wind, in a thick mist through which the sun very rarely broke. The view must be glorious as five or six volcanoes are visible from here. To protect myself from the wind and to get a photo, I got just inside the crater edge, and the three men followed, leaving the hot horses standing in this piercing wind, so I told the Indians to take them to a sheltered place, when they all left me, going also to prepare my hot breakfast : but this was the last I saw of them, for when I came out of the crater half an hour later the mist was very thick and the wind keener, so I could see nothing, and all tracks had been obliterated by the wind and snow. I went down below the snow level, but must have missed the track. Away down below I saw four animals so hurried down to them—to find they were only wild cattle! I kept tallyhoing as the wind blew over me towards where my men should be ; but as the summit was always in a thick mist they could not see me nor I them, so I decided to go down and try to make my way to Quito, for I could never find my way up to the peak again, and as it was dark and misty when I left the farm, I was unable to notice landmarks. (Pichincha is a volcano with a base of enormous circumference, and spur on spur running up to the peak, and all exactly alike.)

The mist had lifted where I was, so I fired a few shots from my revolver and started off, with my handkerchief on a stick to catch their eyes, in the direction where Quito ought to be beyond several mountains, but I came to an "impasse" at a wood on a cliff about 50 feet above a stream, I tried to find a way down, then up again, and tried to get round, but no way, and was now very hot, for the sun was beginning to make itself felt, and I was wearing my double poncho and a thick mackintosh, and carrying my camera. In despair I determined to "rush" the wood with its impenetrable undergrowth; for I had no "machete" with me to cut it, but as the cliff was very steep my weight bore down most of the branches and bushes, and I broke the rest with my hands, so after twenty minutes' hard work I got down through the wood, and a 15 feet drop landed me on the bank of the stream, which I crossed. Here I followed several tracks, some for nearly a mile, all of which led into the bush and stopped, cattle tracks; then I went up a steep slippery artificial watercourse, with sides about 8 feet high, and almost perpendicular, about 60 yards of this, and it too stopped in a wood. I tried to get out, but the shrubs I took hold of gave way, so cut steps for my hands and feet with my small penknife, got out to find myself in an impassable wood, so went back through my drain or water-course, and down along a fairly good track which I followed for over half-an-hour through mud and slush in the wood, to find it end in a field surrounded by bush; then got down to a stream in the wood, and by cutting steps on the other side, got up a steep hillock to find another river and a ridge beyond, to which I tried to get; but all the tracks I tried lost

themselves in the dense wood, so back again to my hill, and saw what I thought was a road about 200 feet below across the river, but running in the opposite direction to that in which I wanted to go; but my first difficulty was to get down to it, as the cliffs were almost perpendicular and covered with dense bamboo, so I tried the same plan and threw myself on the bamboos, breaking and crushing them with my weight and my hands, and finally got down, though this time I had some nasty drops which were broken by the canes below. Over the river and by a narrow cattle-track I made my way to the "road" to find it was only another wide "cut water-course" or "sequia" for irrigation, along the narrow edge of this I walked for two or three miles, and then climbed up to an Indian hut, where I found an Indian who told me he worked on the farm I had started from this morning, and which was about a mile or so still along the sequia; as I was nearly dead beat, I got him to show me the way, and to carry my poncho, mackintosh, and camera, and we arrived at the farm about twelve hours after I left it this morning. After an hour's rest and some tea, for I was too tired to eat, they kindly gave me fresh horses, and with a small boy as a guide, we galloped almost all the way to Quito, arriving just before dark. Next day I heard my escort had stayed the night on the mountain, having given me up for lost, eaten by a "tigre" or other wild beast.

I now made up my baggage for my trip over the Andes to the Napo, sending home from here all that was not absolutely necessary,* but keeping a "smart" suit for the big towns, as Iquitos, Para, etc. For

* What I sent home never arrived, being probably stolen between Quito and Guayaquil.

food I took, besides a little fresh cold meat and bread, for the first few days :—

Two small tins corned beef.
1lb. tea.
1lb. coffee.
Saccharine.
5lbs. water biscuits.
8lbs. chocolate.
¼lb. Liebig.
Two half bottles "Hollands."

One bottle "Anisado," Caña flavoured with aniseed. And through the kind offices of our Consul, I was provided with letters to the village authorities en route, and to the Governor of the Oriente at Archidona, and as I expected to find Indians to carry me at Papallacta to the river, my only fear was that it now being the rainy season I might not be able to cross some of the many rivers en route, as for some weeks there had been no Indians in town from over the Andes.

Some years ago before the Jesuits were expelled, many of the Indians of the Oriente lived in villages under their care, and were well looked after spiritually and temporally, and were protected also by them from the whites, but a catholic government, banished the priests, and the villages, all but one or two, have absolutely ceased to exist, and the forest has once more asserted its quiet rule over these once busy villages, and "the place thereof knoweth them no more." So too nothing is left of the old Inca and Spanish roads or Spanish towns, and the map made by the Jesuit Wolf is extremely misleading, for where he places villages, for the most part, none exist, or possibly there is a solitary fisherman's hut to mark the site.

DISTANCES IN THE ORIENTE, ACCORDING TO TABLE OF ECUATORIAN GOVERNMENT.

From Quito	to	Tablon ...	18 miles.		
,, Tablon	,,	Papallacta...	15 ,,	33 miles on mule back.	
,, Papallacta	,,	Cuyuja ...	9 ,,		
,, Cuyuja	,,	Baeza ...	12 ,,		
,, Baeza	,,	R. Jondache.	27 ,,		
,, R. Jondache	,,	Archidona..	15 ,,		
,, Archidona	,,	Napo ...	15 ,,	78 miles on foot.	
,, Napo	,,	Ahuano ...	24 ,,		
,, Ahuano	,,	Suno ...	63 ,,		
,, Suno	,,	R. Aguarico	204 ,,		
,, R. Aguarico	,,	R. Curaray.	66 ,,		
,, R. Curaray	,,	R. Amazon.	276 ,,	633 miles in canoe.	
				744 miles.	

The Start.—By six I was up and ready, all packed and the Italian arrived, a tallish youth of about 22, who wanted to join a brother on the Coca River, and who had been foisted on to me by a German who gave me to understand that he could speak two Indian dialects, and knew all the people en route, etc., etc. I only discovered that he only spoke Spanish when too late, and as I thought he might possibly be useful to me agreed to let him accompany me. The arriero was, for a change, fairly punctual and in high spirits, but the animals were very poor, so I asked the Italian to walk to the village of Tambuco, nine miles off, where I hoped to get better animals. So having started the baggage

and men I called on the Consul who had promised to accompany me to Tambuco, and left Quito.

Before leaving Quito I was fortunate to secure one of the reduced Indian heads which were prepared by the savage Indians on the Andes near Riobamba. The head being reduced to about a quarter the natural size without the features being altered. Kind friends said that mine would be the next in the market, and the following passage in the leading paper was not calculated to comfort one, together with a knowledge that if I walked I could not fail to have the "siete cueros" or "seven skins" foot disease, caused by the fine mud entering into the skin by the pores and causing painful blisters under it next to the flesh.

La Mañana, Quito, 18 de Junio, de 1902.

No hay caminos factibles; las distancias son enormes; el viaje largo, por consiguiente; los abismos, muchos, y los peligros de muerte, innumerables.

Por eso el Oriente es un mito para los ecuatorianos. Lugar tenebroso y lejano, rodeado de precipicios, cuajado de selvas, contemporaneas del mundo, cruzado de rios como mares, hondos, invadeables, á cuyas orillas acecha el jivaro, se despereza el lagarto, el jaguar lanza su bramido solitario y silvan las serpientes . . . ¡Reino del miedo que guarda dentro de sus fronteras nuestra esperanza!

De Quito á Archidona hay 8 días de caminos infernales. Todavia menos mal hasta Papallacta, à donde se puede llegar á lomo de mula, rompiéndose los higados en cuestas y precipicios; pero desde ese lugar hay que continuar la marcha sobre las espaldas de los indios, y descender á simas dantescas, vadear

ríos caudalosos, franquear puentes de mimbres y hundirse en el lodo hasta el cuello. Jornadas heroicas (y son 5 ó 6) en las que se sortea veinte veces la vida cada kilómetro.

At midday my kind friend turned back and I was left with the Italian and the muleteer, the latter had profited by my absence to make his gait unsteady, and the Italian had lost his poncho, and I noticed that his boots were quite worn out and useless; his clothes too were thin for the warmer levels and unsuited for this height. His loss I remedied by giving him a poncho I was taking home as a specimen, but his boots were beyond my powers. In explanation he said he had alpagates, *i.e.*, a sort of straw slipper much used by the Indians.

From Tambuco we soon began to rise rapidly, and about nightfall arrived at a farm-house or Finca, Tablon, a bleak spot just under the mountain top and commanding a lovely view over all the Quito valley from Cotopaxi to Cayambe, with my friend Pichincha exactly opposite. Our host, a young "white" soon arrived, and I introduced myself and was asked in to the house, and after a short chat brought in the needy Italian; we had a frugal meal with our host, two plates of potato soup and some cheese and tea, no meat or bread, but it was the best he had. Then refusing his kind invitation to sleep in his room, so as not to disturb him by our early rising, we retired to an outhouse, but he insisted on my using a mattress and pillow, and by eight we were asleep.

At 5 a.m. we were afoot, it was perishingly cold and a gale blowing, and we were enveloped in clouds with fine rain driving over us, still till ten we had fairly good going, rising very gradually as we

were now in the pass. After eleven our troubles began, even in my thick warm clothing I was cold, what must the poor Italian have suffered? To call the road even very bad would convey no idea of its condition, for the ground we had to traverse on to Papallacta, though up and down very steep inclines, was a morass. By constant use the steep tracks had become steps of mud about two feet apart, in the flat of each of which was a deep mud pool, in and out of which the animal staggered often up to his knees. We had also to cross several bogs only fordable at certain places which looked exactly the same as the rest, and then the poor horses were often up to the belly in them. In one of these my beast got his feet tied up, and over we went into the bog, from which we were pulled out by the arreiro. About noon we reached the second or eastern ridge of the Cordillera de los Andes, still enveloped in rainy clouds with a wind blowing that took one's breath away, and nearly overturned our poor little beasts. Our descent, a very tortuous one, was worse than the ascent, through bogs and down muddy steps, made as already stated, by countless previous ponies. By 2-30 we entered a pretty glade and soon got a fine view of the laguna, the country looks like a park studded with round trees at the foot of tall green cliffs; but the beautiful green lawns, though good pasture, are little more than swamps, and our ride round the lake was very "pénible," as we had to cross countless bridges of one large greasy plank about two feet wide, and then had to go down a long very steep lane, paved with round branches about three to four feet long and placed side by side, the whole was covered with greasy mud; some parts of this road were at an



Mountain Road to Tablan.



On the Andes, near Lagoon of Papallacta.



Papallacta.



Cuyuja. First night's resting place in the forest.

angle of 60° or more, and even to me with my previous experiences, looked dangerous, but we got down without mishap, and before us on the slope of the mountain lay the lovely little village of Papallacta.

At the village I enquired for the Teniente Politico, the head of the village, to whom I had a letter. He, they told me, was away in the "chacra," his fields or plantations. There are no whites here, only Indians, but at that moment there did not seem to be a soul in this village of sixty or more scattered huts, and I objected to taking up my abode in a one-roomed house with a family of Indians as well, so we wandered aimlessly about the deep muddy lanes, cold and wet; but on hearing that the Convento (so called because the Curé stops there once a year when he visits his parish) was empty, I went to it but found it locked, so camped with all my things in front of the door. Here I waited two hours for the Alcalde, or Mayor, and it was growing dark when he came. He said he could not get the key, so I told him I would break the door in, and began to batter on it, so he hurriedly found the "Syndico" (the No. 2 man in the village), who, with a corkscrew and a lot of trouble, finally opened the door. The Convento had three rooms, the centre one about six feet wide and 18 long, with doors into the other two, which were of the same dimensions, these were the bedrooms, with a fixed four-poster bed, canopied and covered in on three sides and a half, with reeds and a rough oxhide nailed taut across to sleep on. The hut was built of mud with a thatched roof, and was extremely damp, so much so there were potatoes growing all round my bed about a foot high. The other bedroom was like mine, and each had a tiny

window of about eight by 12 inches. In the centre room there was a mud platform about three feet high against the far wall; this was the fireplace, with a hole in the wall for the smoke to go out. Soon the Teniente Politico and several of the leading villagers came in. I gave my letter and told them that I wanted men to cross the forest, four for my baggage, one as servant to carry my camera, gun, etc., and three to carry me. This last they objected to, saying there were no men there, and that beside I was too heavy, but might find men further on if I could not walk, while to find the others and to prepare their "coca" (the inclusive name for all their food) would take at least two days. Then I asked for eggs, milk, or any food for to-night, there is none now, but to-morrow I shall have some, all I can have to-night is some damp wood for a fire to boil water for tea or Liebig, and after an hour's blowing and filling the room with smoke the soup was ready. I now had another task, the Italian, I discovered, had started on this journey with absolutely nothing but a small machete (jack knife) and two or three useless tins of meat, no cup, pan, matches, etc., no tea, salt, coffee, biscuits, bread, etc.; his clothes I have already described. As he was quite useless to me, and as my food was hardly enough for one, I told him I should in no way be responsible for him if he came with me, and offered to pay his expenses if he would go back to-morrow when my arriero would return to Quito. I repeated this offer later, and as he refused it, made him sign a paper acknowledging it and exonerating me from any responsibility in case he should follow me.

Early next morning I found the arriero and alcalde sitting outside. I settled with the former

who returned to Quito, and with the alcalde I arranged for five men, he volunteering as one, as my personal servant. Each of the men came and were presented to me, and I gave them each a cheap cigar (I am a non-smoker and was given a 100 cigars by a friend, also a non-smoker, for presents) and their pay in advance, and the paths being exceedingly bad they required 12s. each. It is the custom in this part of the world to pay in advance, as there is a remarkable mutual lack of confidence between all classes and colours.

I now procured eggs, milk, and potatoes, and after an hour's hard work got the fire going and made quite a decent lunch. The milk is the richest I have ever seen, and after standing a short time, the sides of the vessel containing it get coated with a fat cream. I have to feed and clothe the needy Italian, and as there is no bread, corn, or rice to be had, must economise my biscuits.

The morning was wet and the valley was hidden by clouds, which also covered the hills, but about noon the sun came out. Papallacta is one of the loveliest spots I have seen, a village of some sixty mud cottages dotted about on the green slope from which rises a steep cliff of some 500 feet, covered with trees and shrubs. To the north-west is a valley down which a torrent flows, about 50 feet wide, in a series of waterfalls, one I can see as I write of about 60 feet, this forms a river below, the Maspa, which describes a semi-circle round the village. On the other side of the river, in the form of an amphitheatre, is a range of well-wooded mountains, through gaps in which higher distant peaks are seen; cattle and horses are grazing on the beautiful soft green slopes, and humming birds dart from

flower to flower, and the only sounds that strike the ear are the roar of the torrent, the occasional blow of an axe, or the cowardly watch-dogs barking at an intruder or a passing Indian from another village.

The men here wear what look like bathing drawers, and go bare-legged and bare-footed, this on account of the very muddy and boggy condition of the paths and ground; a shirt covered by a short poncho and a round grey felt hat complete their costume.

The afternoon I spent in repairing my mackintosh, making sacks to distribute my baggage, and also putties, for I saw that my gaiters would be useless in the mud, as would be boots too, unless the mud were prevented from entering by the top when drawing one's feet out of the bogs.

The Convento stands in the corner of a small grass square, the only level spot in the village, and on the far side is the Church, a rather larger mud and thatch house, and by it commanding a view of the whole valley, stands a tall wooden cross, from which a boy just before sunset blew through a wooden horn to bring the workers in the chacra home.

This small boy, of about 12, came the three evenings I was here, and sat reading extracts, from the New Testament in Spanish, and at dark a few other small boys and a dozen or so girls used to sit or squat in front of the Church chattering. One time I went to him and asked him to get me some water, he replied that he could not now as "he was teaching the girls doctrine;" later the doctrine was very noisy.

On Saturday morning I was up at 5-30, and by six everything was ready for the Indian bearers who

ought to have been there then; so I made my fire and coffee, and the lazy Italian who only got up at eight, drank what I had prepared, but no word of thanks for that or the food I had given him up till now, nor for the poncho. The Indians arrived and had their burdens apportioned, these they put in baskets with their "coca" and other requisites, and carried on their backs, with one band across their foreheads and another across their chests; and at 8-30, with a prayer that my feet and boots might hold out, I started from the Convento, but it was some time before we cleared the village, as the men's relatives kept crowding round to say good-bye or bring food for them. The Italian in spite of my protests followed with the last Indian, carrying his small valise tied on his back, this was the last I saw of him, for the Indian who was by him said he gave up after the first half-hour. I had two strong poles of about seven feet cut and held one in each hand to help me walking; the Indians use only one which they hold with both hands.

At first the road was not bad, the mud hardly covering the soles of my boots, but I soon learned the worst (yet not the worst) for the path was little more than a bog a foot deep, but as the mud was liquid I could easily extract my feet; I feel I can do the whole journey on foot if my feet hold out. The whole day we wound along a narrow path in the forest with the torrent alongside, sometimes in sight and at others hidden by the trees, and though we were following a torrent, had often long steep climbs and very, very abrupt descents; on the most boggy parts short round logs were placed, cross or lengthwise, the latter, as also the single log bridges, were to me worse than the bogs, as my boot soles,

saturated by the mud, could get no purchase on them, and were constantly slipping off.

Once we had to ford the river in water up to the knees, but over the small torrents that fed the river, were thrown sometimes a single log for a bridge, and sometimes, when very wide and dangerous, two or three logs, rarely accompanied by a thin bough to act as rail. We halted about every hour for a rest, and at the second halt, by a lovely waterfall, the men had lunch, which two of the wives who followed, supplied. About three, as I was beginning to feel done, we turned sharp off from the river by a path, and found ourselves in a little clearing before two huts, into one of which we all went. A bright warm sun was shining, and I soon felt very fit; changed my wet for dry clothes, washed my boots, putties and feet as precaution against the "seven skins" disease; made a cup of tea, and eat some chigloaca, a sweet tart fruit, like a pipau or mamon. I slung my hammock from the rafters of the hut which was much too crowded for any comfort for me, as it was only 24 feet by 12 feet, and had to lodge four men, four women, a boy and two girls, a white kid, some dogs and hens, and there were two fires in it. About sunset I made some soup (Liebig), and had some more tea, then climbed into my hammock; from there the men coiled up in their blankets, three of the women toasting maize and beans over the fires, and one pounding maize on a stone, with the animals and hens, formed a quaint picture in the glow of the burning wood. My resting-place was called Cuyaja, and is only three leagues from Papallacta, *i.e.*, it took us six hours to cover nine miles.

About five in the morning I woke up and heard

the Indians at prayer, most of them were sitting up; the alcalde was saying the prayers and the others joining in the responses. These Indians are Roman Catholics and devout Christians.

About six it got light, and we made ready, and after I had my cup of tea and they their soup, we started off at 7-30 along a nice dry path at a good rate, and two hours later reached a hut or tambo bearing the fine name of Alexandria, supposed to be two leagues from Cuyaja. I expect to get in by midday, but ——. Here one of my peons gave out and I had to take the owner of the tambo in his place, but he had to prepare his "coca" and wanted me to stay here till to-morrow till he was ready. I tried to make him come on now and take the "coca" of the man who gave out, but he would not, so after some trouble I left one of my peons to follow with him, and the other three came on with me, leaving them to join me to-morrow at Baeza or overtake me further on. Here the two wives went back. At ten we were again en route, but the going was much harder, for besides bog and mud and innumerable steep ascents and descents, we had often to climb over logs and trees across the track, the thin bamboo catching one's head or tripping one's feet; often the path was only partly cut through a regular thicket, almost like a tunnel. Most of the day the forest was too dense for the sun to penetrate; and the vegetation was more tropical, ferns abounding, and palms of all kinds, while in the trees were pheasants and parrots and smaller birds, and below on our track we came on several snakes (colubras), and two small black animals (huatosas), about the size of a two months pig, but more the build of a rat, with short forelegs. About noon we forded a

torrent and halted for half-an-hour; then on and on, Baeza never seems to be any nearer and the path gets worse and worse and my sodden boots slip off every log I have to walk on, and my knees ache with rheumatism, for all day we have been drenched by the thick vegetation through which we have forced our way, and my feet begin to feel sore. At two o'clock, *i.e.*, after four hours' tramping, I hear we are still far from Baeza, and can only expect to reach the River Maspa, but as a matter of fact, half an hour later we reached "the bridge" across it, which consists of a steel cable and an iron basket hung from it on two small wheels, and a rope attached to the basket and to posts at either side, so one sat in the basket and hauled one's self across: the cable was about 50 yards long and some 30 to 40 feet over the river. After a short rest we started on again, through deep sticky mud for an hour, and then up a very steep, slippery hill which I had just strength enough to climb, and on the top in a clearing in the forest, found a few large huts and one very large empty one, which I secured for myself and three of the Indians. The Chief of the village brought me a huge bowl of thick soup and ground maize, and a little meat, which I bolted, and never enjoyed food more; then I got some very thick white maize chicha, and felt very much better. Then I changed into dry clothes, washed my putties, socks, and feet; thank God these last were still sound. We had a few moments sunshine, then rain; a few natives came to talk to my men, some from the village, others Venezuelan gold seekers en route for home: these last told tales of fighting on the Coca, and swollen rivers to cross. One of the villagers brought me a large basket of naranjillas (lit. little oranges), a



Wire "Bridge," by Baeza.



Scene in Forest.



Log bridge over Torrent in Forest.



Night's halting place in Forest.

rather acid fruit with a thin shell resembling an orange in everything but the taste: also a fruit, Maco or Logna, the size of a small cocoanut, and with a yellow rind, and full of a solid yellow flesh with two kernels like chestnuts; this was most nourishing.

At dark, six o'clock, I made some "Liebig," slung my hammock, and retired into it, but a nasty cough which has troubled me every night since I left Quito, kept me awake most of the night. The house is all of branches or palms, and the outside world is visible from within, and in many places the rain, which fell all night, and most of next day, made its way through the palm-thatched roof.

Baeza is a lovely spot, and from its high position commands a beautiful view over ridge after ridge of forest-covered hills. The village consists of eight or nine large huts, scattered about with little ones alongside for the pigs and poultry. A little thatched church, with a large cross before it, is well looked after, but there is no ordained priest to care for the souls of the villagers, for since the Jesuits were expelled, the priests prefer to live at ease, crowded in the towns, to working in the distant villages; so the head of the village officiates.

Here I was greatly disappointed at being unable to procure food of any kind, not even roasted maize. All afternoon rain fell. What will the tracks be like, and will the dreaded Cosanga be fordable? At four, my two peons from Alexandria joined us, and my little chief raised my spirits by suggesting my getting three more men to carry me, and practically promised to get me them. So, after a large bowl of native vegetable soup, chiefly pumpkin, and strengthened by "Liebig" and some chicha, I

changed my camera plates and retired to my hammock.

Next day I was up at daybreak, and sent out for men to carry me, but there were none to be got, so I got in the Alcalde of the village, tried persuasion, then threats; he did his best, but the few Indians of the village had fled into the forest, as did he later, so sadly I packed, and very sadly started again at 9-30 in the pouring rain and mud. Soon I was soaked to the skin, but half the trouble was caused by the overhanging bamboos catching one's head, and the underfoot bamboos, or worse still, rootlets, tripping one's feet. At noon we halted for a "bite," and by two were down by the Bermejo River, as our day's short journey had been over the mountain ridge which separates this river from the Maspa; the river, a raging torrent, we crossed on a frail trunk and halted for the night. From Baeza on there are no more huts or villages to Archidona, so we made tambos or ranchitas, one for me, my little chief, and "the strong man," and the other for the other three, and during the few hours' sunshine till dark, I changed, dried my clothes, and warmed myself in the sun. My boots and feet hold out, and after a little warm soup and tea I felt a ray of hope after a day of hopelessness. A little incident occurred here which probably much impressed my Indians. My strong man called my attention to a little duck which was about on the rocks about forty yards up the river, and wanted me to shoot it, and as I had no time to get out my gun I fired at it with my revolver, which carries a ·450 ball, and luckily hit it, but the torrent washed it away. After that I rested on my laurels, and kept my revolver in its case.

A tambo or ranchita is made of a frame of bamboo or branches, about 9 feet long and 6 to 9 feet wide, according to the number of people it has to shelter, raised from the ground on one side to an angle of about 30 degrees by other sloping sticks. The whole is then covered with caña brava (the wild cane), palm leaves or others of the many very large leaves to be found here, and strewn underneath with dried palm leaves to lie on.

It rained hard all night, and at first my tambo leaked, but my chief and strong man, as soon as they noticed a leak, ran out into the wet, cut other leaves, and stopped it, but all their endeavours were unavailing, and I finally removed my waterproof sheet from under me, and put it over the ranchita; but in spite of the wet and other drawbacks, I had a splendid night's rest.

Awake at five, and rain still falling; but I made some hot tea, got into my wet clothes and was off by seven: my mackintosh is useless here, as the bogs often take me up to the knee, and the torrents, I ford, up to the waist, while the water from the leaves and branches pours down my arms each time I raise them with my staves. The going was very heavy, and my rheumatism very acute, and I was soon soaked by the rain and drip, and before we halted at ten to rest and lunch, had forded two small rivers waist deep. By twelve we reached a spot where we ought to cross the Cosanga, but to my great dismay, I saw there waiting a number of Indians, half civilized, from the Napo, who had passed on last night, and could not cross, as the river was too swollen. Some of my men spoke of returning, but I would not hear of it, and said I would die here first, and meant to keep my word,

for I could never do the journey back in broken spirits, with the prospect of the ridicule and chaff which would await me at Quito. The rain still fell, and I was chilled and shivering, and my Indians and the Napo Indians had sheltered themselves as best they could under the trees.

The river is a raging torrent, about 60 yards wide, with a small island of rocks and sand in the middle. To this some of the Napo Indians were making a bridge of an enormous tree that had been felled over the river, but fell short of the island, and from this they made a bamboo ladder, ending in water shallow enough to reach the rocks; on to these they went, and I followed, and a ray of sunshine warmed and encouraged me. On the far bank were other Indians, and two Columbian gold seekers who had been waiting there two days to cross. Soon both my and the Napo Indians tried to ford, but for a long time were unable. At last the Columbians got over to us, and some of the Indians from that side, but there was too much current for my Indians with their loads; still my men tried, but as they were soon up to their waists, and had to pass through much deeper water, they returned, all but one, my strong man, who told me to follow him. The river was a roaring torrent of white foam, and so I could not see the river bed, and a single false step on the boulders which formed the bed would have been fatal. Before crossing, I had removed my coat and vest, and put my watch round my neck as a necklace, to keep dry, threw away one staff, and holding the other with both hands, started in, leaning on my staff, feet up the river. Progress was very slow, and the current was very strong, and the deeper I got the more purchase

the current got; when within a few yards of the bank, with the water up to my chest, the force of the water was so great that I could not have lifted my staff or moved my feet without being swept away, but my strong man and one of the Napo Indians came out a little way and held me out a long staff by which I and an Indian boy behind me got across. My men found a shallower crossing lower down, and soon after I got across they came up to me. It was only two o'clock, but the men were all tired out, so we decided to pass the night under an old tambo we found hard by, all sharing one. I went through my usual toilet, and with difficulty made some soup, for dry wood was hardly procurable: now I feel much better, for with any luck, I must reach Archidona in three days. Soon after six, I retired to rest with an easy mind, thanking God for this safe crossing.

Next morning about 6-30 I started on again in my wet things, though I must say that my little chief and strong man always did their best to dry them by wringing out my clothes and holding them over the fire at great labour to themselves. Through the dripping trees, and up hill through a fearful bog for three-and-a-half hours—a bog up to my poor rheumatic knees, which were aching all they could—a bog sticky and stiff. At ten we stopped under a dripping tree for a cold lunch, and then on up a slippery steep watercourse, just wide enough to place one foot before the other with water pouring down it; here we met several forest Indians, who chatted with my men and passed on. During the day we had to ford four or five torrents, up to the knees in the cold mountain stream, aud wetting one to the waist. About four, after one of the most miserable

days I have spent, we crossed the River Pungara, and stopped at two old ranchitas for the night. My chief and strong man acted as splendid servants, and I was soon comfortable, and what with some hot soup, the lovely site of our "camp," and the fine evening, I soon felt well again, and forgot the day's suffering.

Next morning, my seventh since Papallacta, we were en route soon after dawn, and reached the River Jundache soon after nine. The river is about 20 yards wide and very swift, and we had to ford it. The water was up to my waist, and my slippery boots could get no purchase on the small stones on the river bed, so I was going diagonally down instead of straight across the river, getting in deeper and deeper, and so offering more resistance to the water, which was almost up to my armpits, and very soon I must have been swept away, though a few yards from the bank. I became aware of my position by the awful look on my little chief's face, then my strong man, who had just crossed, came in again to meet me and gave me a hand. (I had found it useful to slit my pants just above my putties to let the water out of them, as every day we had several streams to cross, and otherwise the water in my pants took ten to fifteen minutes to soak out.) We halted here in the rain for lunch, and met two Columbians, who told us that all the whites had left Archidona for the Aguarico to fight the Peruvians; and who gave my men some chuntarora, roasted, the fruit of a palm tree resembling in shape and size a chestnut, only saffron yellow inside. It is eaten so, or mashed in water as a drink. As owing to my rheumatism I walked rather slowly, I went on ahead, and kept on steadily while the Indians usually rested at intervals. There was not much

likelihood of my losing my way, for though there were often several tracks, they all eventually led to the same place. My little chief was very sympathetic over my rheumatism, as his wife was a martyr to it, but he could not understand my taking this trip solely for the fun of the thing. At three I halted on the bank of the River Osiaco, and decided to stop the night. Soon the others arrived, and we fixed up an old ranchita for the night. During the greater part of this morning, our march was made more arduous by having to struggle over or cut our way round the huge fallen forest giants, with their parasites, vines, and bushes, which they had brought down with them. Many of these giant trees have shallow roots, but with a buttress-like formation of trunk, and as they soon become top-heavy from the alien growths on their branches, they fall easy victims to the storms.

Our camping ground was ideal, just above the river, on a small clearing with the sun shining on it; tall, parasite-covered trees around, with long cords of "vines" covered with lichen hanging from their branches, and numerous tree-ferns, while swarms of butterflies fluttered round the ranchita. To-night we all slept under the same "roof," the air was warm and pleasant, and I gradually sank to sleep, watching the fire-flies darting about, and listening to the numerous frogs with their various calls, some like a little bell. This is an earthly paradise—when fine, but the weather changed, and I was soon awakened by water dropping on me, and by dawn the few clothes I had kept for dry, were wet. Still my good little chief made a fire, and I had some tea, chocolate, and biscuit got into my wet clothes, and by seven was off in the rain and heavy drip from the trees.

The same tedious route up and down hill, through the dense forest; where the track was narrow, it was clayey and slippery, and when wide, a bog. To-day I kept well ahead, and at ten stopped at a bright spot near a stream for lunch. Here the sun broke out, and it kept fine all afternoon; on, mostly through bog, with a few swollen torrents to cross, but my little chief kept close to me, and after cutting my way through some yards of bush, we turned down a little path in a new broad clearing. After an hour or so, the clearing became a well made grass lane, about five yards wide, with a ditch on either side, and the numerous human foot-prints gave me energy, for I was feeling very tired: but the road still seemed interminable. Banana trees appeared, and at last we struck the very picturesque house of a settler (absent), palm-thatched and cane-sided, and raised off the ground on piles three or four feet high, with a balcony all round it, and with plantains, maize, and sugar-cane in a good sized clearing. Another half mile, and we struck a similar house, and a little further a smaller one, belonging to an Indian, here my chief stopped for a rest and drink (a chicha made of yucca). The lady owner of the last house came and asked why I had not stopped at her house when she asked me, so I explained I had letters to the "Authority." We soon passed another house, where the owner from the balcony insisted on my stopping with him, offering me a room, the store-room; and as I learn that the "Authority," the "Teniente Politico" took his meals here, I gladly accepted the kind invitation, and after removing some of the mud from my person, stepped up on to the balcony. Soon my men turned up, and I had a dry change and put out all my clothes to dry, but as

my men's notion of dryness was a rather poor one, they brought them in all damp. The rest of the afternoon my men swarmed on the balcony in the true Indian fashion to my great discomfort. My host, who is a cross, much more Indian than white, seemed a decent fellow, and had a wife and three dirty children, but led a lazy life, loafing all day and selling a little "caña" and a few wares to the Indians. Round the house is a large plantation of plantains, but no ripe fruit; in front, just beyond the road, is a caña patch, thick with weeds, and beyond is the forest. The house is about 10 yards back from the road, leaving a sort of yard (mud), at one side of which is a neatly thatched house, raised a foot or two from the ground, the kitchen and natives' quarters; this has at one end an open platform, covered by the projecting thatched roof, which serves as dining-room; it supports a table, boxes or barrels for chairs, and two large fresh banana leaves as table cloth. At the opposite end of the yard are a pretty little cane and thatch fowl-house, and a thatch roof on poles, a sort of dry run for fowls, of which there are some fifty. These, with three large pigs running loose, a mangy dog, and a tame toucan, form the live stock. About 5-30 the Politico Teniente, an elderly and fairly educated man, arrived, and we had dinner, potato soup, boiled yucca for bread, and three small sardines; another vegetable dish, then native tea with sugar molasses to sweeten it. This tea, Yausa, is an infusion from the green leaves of a local plant, has little taste, but is very refreshing. At seven the Politico left, and I retired to my hammock, but there was too much noise in the large room alongside, occupied by my host and his family. Here, as at other Ecuatorian and Peruvian houses, the

hostess does not eat with the men, but stops in the kitchen, where she also eats, superintending the dinner. On rising from table the men always thank their hostess, in the kitchen, for the dinner.

Next morning, as my hosts rose about 5-30, I got up as well, and after a cup of Yausa, went with the Politico to his house in the Plaza, as they called the large open green clearing, round which were eight or nine palm-thatched houses, some in bad decay; one very large one had formerly been the church, but since the abolition of the Jesuits had been unused. To-day, being Sunday, we saw a number of Napo Indians, who in feature and dress are very different from the Papallacta Indians. The Napo men wear their hair long to the neck, and cut across the brow in a fringe, and have a small piece of cane through their ears: they paint their faces with rows of red or brown stripes, and wear plain strings of beads, red, white, and blue, round their necks: a very short pair of canvas drawers, and a little blue rough poncho, the width of the shoulders, and reaching to the waist, complete their costume. They undertake the post between Quito and the Oriente, and even when crossing the Andes wear nothing more than this frail costume. The women wear their hair and beads as the men; but usually smear their faces with a red patch, wearing a short blue skirt to the knee, and a short sleeveless bodice, or a bodice and skirt in one. All carry fairly light burdens on their backs by a band across their foreheads, and heavier weights, with another band across the chest and shoulders.

I engaged seven of these men to take me to Napo, a distance of fifteen miles, four for my baggage and three to take turns at carrying me. After that



Archidona. Part of House with Outhouses.



Village of Tena.



View from my Hut of R. Napo, at Ahuano.



House of Senr. Abarca, on Napo.

PLATE XXIV.

I paid my Papallacta Indians the extra 5$ each I had promised them, to their great delight and surprise; for usually what they do not receive in advance they do not expect to receive, and their gratitude was almost embarrassing. As rain kept on, I retired to our damp balcony, and soon after we had a very good and almost entirely vegetable lunch, a very intelligent and gentlemanly Columbian sharing it with us. He is a refugee from the Revolution, and vegetating here in great poverty, till his party succeeds so that he can return. After lunch my men came to bid me an affectionate farewell, and my little chief and strong man almost broke down. Later in the afternoon the "Politico" of Napo came along, so he was called in and stopped to dinner; he promised me every assistance, and seemed a very nice fellow, though a little the worse for caña. He, as everyone else here, goes about barefooted; boots would soon spoil in this mud, and there are no bootmakers in the Oriente to repair them, and besides, in the sticky deep mud it is easier to walk barefoot.

I had letters, as I have stated, for the Governor of the Oriente, a Señor Orellano, but he, with all the available whites and most of their Indian servants, had gone down the River Napo to drive the Peruvians out of a post they have occupied in Ecuatorian territory, at the mouth of the Aguacico River; but my new friend, the Politico of Napo, promised to find me a canoe and Indians for the river.

Next day I waited at Archidona, as my new friend could not leave till the morrow, and I hoped to wash my clothes, but an incessant rain prevented me, as also from drying my other damp garments.

The following morning I was up at dawn, and had packed my things in four parcels for the Indians,

and by eight o'clock five of the seven turned up (the other two never came), and after a very long wait to find them or other Indians, and also a "silla" or chair for me to be carried in, we got off about 10-30, leaving baggage for one man to follow, and using two of the five men to carry me. The Politico of Napo started before me, and being on foot, travelled much faster; the road was considered good, but there were three rivers to ford; the day was glorious, and sky almost cloudless.

A "silla" is a wooden chair, of a solid back and a cross-piece to sit on, which the bearer carries on his back with one band across his breast and shoulders, and the other across his forehead. The traveller thus sits with his back to the back of the bearer; the seat being half-way up the latter's back, the traveller's head is much above the bearer's.

Chair riding is most uncomfortable, besides being dangerous, as one is continually dragged backward through bushes, against vines stretched across the path, which almost pull you out of the chair, and against spiky acacias, which tear your clothes and lacerate your ears and neck. We soon passed out of the village, the last house having a caña press at work, turned by two oxen, and hard by, sat the sad Columbian exile. Then, on with my journey, but now on foot, as the path was good; about noon we reached the River Misagalli, about 60 yards wide, which I crossed in the "silla," the racing water up to my man's middle. The road now was bad and muddy, so tried to make my men carry me, which they did with ill grace, stopping every few minutes, going very slowly, puffing and grunting, and trying to make me walk, but I stuck to the chair. The ride through the forest was lovely, the path lay

under huge trees, covered with large-foliaged parasites and orchids to their tops, by tall bamboos and palms with trunks 30 to 40 feet high, tree-ferns, and a warm tropical foliage, and was enlivened by large metallic blue butterflies. At three we passed through Tena, a very pretty village of huts in the clearing on the river bank. Here I hoped to get lunch, but we could not find a living being, not even my baggage carriers, who must have gone on, so once more I got into the "silla," and was carried across the rivers Tena and Pano, which here join, and then proceeded on foot for the rest of the journey, as my men were useless, and continually stopped to mix and drink "chicha."

About five, I heard the sound of rushing water, and hurried on, and soon encountered a sugar-cane patch, and then some houses, but rather inferior to those of Tena or Archidona, and expected to see the Politico, Don Benjamin, waiting to receive me, but only saw my baggage men and an old woman and a smarter young one, the mother and sister of Don Benjamin, who asked me up on to the balcony, and later gave me some food, all vegetable, two soups and rice, with yucca for bread, and water to drink. The old lady, who was more familiar with Quitchia than Spanish, was beautifully ignorant of everything, the River Napo and the Andes bounding her world. She thought the Argentine was in Europe, and that Spanish was the universal language; the daughter, married, was intelligent, and fairly smart in her ways and clothing, and had three very nice neat little children.

As usual, I was allotted the store room to sleep in, and slung my hammock there, covering it with my mosquito net, to keep me from attacks of

vampires, which are very common from here all down the river. I turned in with a grateful heart, as with a clear waterway to England, my troubles were nearly ended.

My day in Napo was a glorious cloudless one. The family began their day badly by taking caña, the excuse being they had no sugar or molasses to add to the coffee, which they could not drink without.

This is a lovely spot; the River Napo, about 50 yards wide, flows smoothly a few yards off, the far bank being a well-wooded cliff 40 to 50 feet high; to the east just in front of the house a little stream makes its way to the river, beyond it is a clearing with some dozen houses, now untenanted, the Indians and whites having gone with the expedition, also the usual forsaken and decaying church. To the north and west of this village are tall palms, banana plantations, beyond these the forest, and in the far distance the deep blue Andes with here and there a touch of snow.

The day wore on but neither my box nor my Politico, Benjamin, appeared, but just as evening was closing they arrived, and I was soon arranging details for my trip to-morrow, and looking forward to a fairly quiet time with my host on the balcony; the only discordant note being the old woman, who kept abusing Don Benjamin for going with me to Ahuano, where he was evidently courting someone distasteful to his uneducated mother. But about dinner time a canoe with a white was seen approaching, and soon a youth arrived with his three Indians, to each of whom he gave a litre of caña, which they soon drank with the two Indians who came with Don Benjamin, and then he gave them more.

All over the Oriente and in fact in all places when the Indians are necessary for labour and the whites are few: these latter allow the Indians great familiarity, drinking with them, and letting them use their balconies and hammocks; this for fear they should become discontented and go to other masters.

My host, the new arrival, and the Indians were soon all dazed by the liquor they drank; still at seven, we had quite a good vegetable dinner, rice, yucca, and plantains. Then the soaking began again, encouraged by the old hag who sold the drink and helped to consume it.

There is usually only one small glass which is filled up for each one as his turn comes, and all are expected to drink out of it, but I pleaded indisposition to avoid giving offence, for the taste of the liquor is unpleasant enough by itself.

At 10-30 I retired, having to pull the drunken Indians by the heels from my doorway, as kicking would not rouse them; but the half-caste servant came in to get some tinned salmon, and some Italian wine (in the Andes!!) for supper for the new arrival Andrew, and twenty minutes later my host and his servant carried him in by the head and heels to his bed under my hammock.

At daybreak I was up and started packing, the drunken Indians still lying on the balcony, and the drunken white on the floor; the latter was soon up, and as there was no coffee they all started on caña and before nine were all drunk again; the old woman having retired helpless to bed we saw no more of her. Then a family row began, because Don Benjamin would go to Ahuano, his sister and the other women of the house crying, and the men shouting, all under the influence of caña.

I got my baggage en route for a canoe, when a girl, a friend of the house, stopped it and had it brought back. Don Benjamin and the youth hopelessly drunk; at noon we got lunch, and were to start after it; but the Indians were too drunk to carry my baggage, and kept falling with it; the youth bought six bottles of cognac (!) from a neighbouring white, and then began scattering his money in all directions, which the Indians soon picked up, and at last in his host's absence asked the half-caste servant to come home with him, to which he readily agreed, expecting as to-day to get unlimited cana. What had gone before was peace, compared with the row which burst when Don Benjamin, his sister and the family became acquainted with the arrangement: the family against the two, and the two against the family screaming mutual abuse, slandering their ancestors and parents, and narrating unpleasant episodes in their family histories.

The youth got slightly sobered, and promised to take me down in his canoe, which I accepted, as I saw little chance of the others going and refused to wait till to-morrow, as there was no apparent reason why the same scene should not be repeated, so I shouldered my baggage, to the mortification of my host, as it is considered very *infra dig.* for a white to work, and is also a reflection on my host, and got into the canoe with the three Indians, the half-caste, and Don Andrew, none yet sober, and were just about to push off when Don Benjamin rushed down to the boat with an Indian; a small bottle of gold-dust, worth about £8, had been left on the balcony, and the Indian accused Andrew of stealing it; then the sister came down and another storm burst. I offered to let them search my pockets, etc., and so

did the half-caste, but Don Andrew did not ; but as I refused to start while the half-caste was in the canoe, Andrew made him get out, and as he landed with his bundle, the sister went for both : scratching him and scattering his possessions on the bank.

Then we started, Andrew insisted on steering, I sat in front of him with the baggage before me, and in the bows the three Indians jabbering to each other like monkeys and turning round grinning at us, making the canoe rock most unpleasantly. Our course was down a series of boiling rapids and whirlpools. In most places the water was very shallow, the stones on the bed seeming to fly past, and wherever a large stone lay in the deeper water there was a big wave, and at the bottom of a rapid where the water was deeper, were large waves sometimes two or three feet high, and the whole river was very rough as a very strong wind was blowing up stream, but the greatest danger was from the tree trunks and rocks in the river bed. For the first two rapids we shot, I commended myself to God, and sat in patience awaiting a disaster, but the excitement and danger sobered the Indians, and we shot the most dangerous of all, the "Latas" in safety, flying down within a few feet of large waves which would have swamped us, and then at the bottom of the rapid had to turn very suddenly through almost a right angle, and were then in fairly still water. I now had confidence in the men and enjoyed it : the other canoe with Don Benjamin, his sister, and four men followed just behind, and soon both canoes stopped on a sand bank ; here Andrew opened three or four bottles of cognac which he had put in my charge when starting, having promised me he would not open them en

route, and soon all were drunk again. We started off, following the other canoe, but Andrew fell out of the canoe into the water, where I left him for a short time to sober him, and then pulled him in; he still insisted on steering, but soon fell again into the river from which we fished him out. I landed to rearrange the boat, putting one of the Indians to steer and two to paddle, Don Andrew being a passenger in the middle. We raced down a rapid, at the bottom of which were large waves, the other canoe passed on all right skirting the rough water, but our men were all rather "bad," and right into the waves we went. We had already shipped a few inches of water (our canoe was a small one—24 feet long by 2 feet wide and 2 feet deep), but now we took wave after wave, and soon the water in the canoe was within two inches of the edge; I sat resignedly expecting every moment to sink, but Heaven kept us afloat till we grounded on some stones, where we baled the water out and started on again; all my effects, photograph apparatus, and gun, having been completely submerged. About four we reached Andrew's home, but before the canoe got to the bank he again fell into the river, so I left him there as it was shallow enough for him to crawl out on all fours, but he could not even do this, so we towed him after us to the bank; here he completely gave way, but insisted on my stopping the night at his home. The other canoe had gone some ten miles down, and I had promised to join it there this night, but Andrew would not let me go, and the canoe was his though two of the men were not. I left him, and proceeded towards the house, where I met two neatly dressed ladies coming down. I explained my position, and said that Don Andrew

was unwell, and got their permission to proceed, one of their servants having fortunately explained the situation before I met them. We had now a very tedious long ride, and darkness soon settled on us, there were no houses nor lights to guide us, and I was afraid of passing the other canoe without seeing it; but at last we saw six or seven canoes tied up to the bank, and two Indian boys told us Don Benjamin was here, so I landed and followed the boys up a steep pretty path among palm trees to a clearing where were several Indian huts with fires in them, and one large house on piles, open all along two sides. In this were Don Benjamin and his sister, who had been busy preparing dinner, rice and plantain soup, to which we added a few sardines. Don Benjamin had once more given way, and was put to sleep in the only corner of the "house," the sister camping alongside, while I slung my hammock from the roof beams and spread my mosquito net to keep out the bats. The platform of our hut swarmed with Indians, whom I could never tolerate in spite of the good character for honesty the sister gave them; honest they might be, but their curiosity was a great nuisance and made one suspicious. To scare off the vampires from herself, Doña Josephine, the sister, kept a candle burning most of the night.

About ten I turned in after one of the most awful days in a very eventful life.

All next day we stopped at this lovely spot, the view from the platform of our house, once the Church, embraces a wide stretch of river, dotted with wooded islands, and Indians in canoes fishing, and others in the water washing the sand for gold dust; and beyond the river the forest, and further the Andes, and on clear days the snow cap of Antisana.

Ahuano, once a large village, now has only a few huts, but there must be here now fifty or sixty Indians, and many have gone down with the expedition, and all day these swarmed on our platform, and tried to examine and handle my "effects," which had been spread out to dry, for we had a few hours bright sunshine. Don Benjamin was suffering to-day as the result of his excesses, and was very humble (thank Heaven the caña is all done!) and had time to attend to my affairs. I was to take the "mail" down to the Governor of the Oriente, now with the expedition, in the canoe and with the three Indians left here for that purpose, and should go as fast as possible, so should not be able to collect or shoot en route, and I had no alternative, as there were no other Indians available. During the afternoon Don Benjamin bought gold dust from the Indians at about 40s. per oz., but paid for it in beads, caña when procurable, sardines in tins, knives, etc., at enormously enhanced rates. Gold dust is very plentiful in the river, and with the roughest washing, after three or four hours the Indians secure from quarter to half ounce. Here I came across the first blow pipe, it was ten feet long, made of two pieces of wood, grooved out and neatly bound together with bark, had a bone mouthpiece and a small projection or button about a foot from the mouthpiece to sight with: the darts are thin splinters about eighteen inches long, and with poisoned tips: a small bag of cotton or woolly fibre is carried, and a small piece twisted round the end of the dart before it is inserted in the pipe. The Indians here make a rough candle out of palm wax.

All along the route I had heard that the Indians kept most of their knowledge of mines, treasures,

and roads to themselves, and that only when absolutely alone would use these latter for fear the whites should discover them. When the Spaniards overthrew the Incas there were good roads over into the Oriente at several places; these are now so lost and buried in forest that there is no definite idea of their locality. There is a tale, that when for a religious feast at Archidona the priest found he was short of sacramental wine, two Indians volunteered to go to Quito for it, and be back in time for the feast five days later; they left, and were back with the wine on the evening of the fourth day. Going by the known route they could not possibly have done the journey in less than nine days there and back with weather and paths in their favour, for Indian mail carriers usually take six days each way. The same with the gold, the "whites" here credit the Indians with knowing where the old gold mines are, and quote instances of how, when bound to pay a large sum of gold in a few months they had got the amount in two or three days.

The 12th July was the day of my departure from Ahuano. I was up at 5-30; but owing to Doña Josephine coming with me to meet her husband at Suno, we didn't get off till 10-30. The morning was wet, and while waiting, I had noticed Indians carrying down baskets and leaves full of provisions to the canoe for their friends on the expedition; but with these, my baggage, myself, the sister and her baggage, we were too laden to move with safety, so my Indians took out most of the Indians' food. As it was we were fearfully cramped; the Señorita went inside the palm leaf toldo or canopy. I found it too cramped to do so, so sat on the edge of my box with my head just out of the toldo, with the rain

and drip on my neck and back. We get off at last, the Indians on the banks calling to us through their hands as trumpets, with a sound like a Swiss wood horn.

My three Indians were fine men for this tribe, with broad chests, but what was more to me, very temperate, though we had hardly any caña on board. The food we carried consisted of yuccas and plantains, some rice I brought from Archidona, and my small supply of stores augmented by eight tins of milk I got from Don Benjamin. The Indians carried a large supply of their staple food, a white pulp made by chewing the yucca, then leaving it to ferment by the action of the saliva; this is then pressed and wrapped in plantain leaves, and when required for use mixed with water in a bowl, and forms their chicha. Feeling rather hungry I asked Doña Josephine if plantains were edible raw; she said yes, as long as I had already taken food, so I ate five ripe ones, and suffered terribly the rest of the day. I learned later that the Indians never eat them uncooked. To-day the rapids were very mild, and the current also was not so strong, and our Indians only worked to keep the canoe in the current; their time was spent chiefly in watching the birds and animals on the forest-clad banks, and imitating their calls; our progress was also slow, as we stopped every canoe and hailed every Indian for news of Doña Josephine's husband. One canoe we missed as it was being poled up a backwater. At noon we passed Santa Rosa, on the Jesuit maps a large town, now only three decaying and deserted huts. The river is about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide, with frequent islands of four to five hundred yards in length in it; its banks are low and wooded to the edge, though on the quiet



Indian Girls, Ahuano.



Indians on Napo.

PLATE XXV



My Canoe, with Palm-leaf "Toldo."



Evening Camp on Island in River Napo. Fire, "Ranchita" in course of construction, and Canoe in the distance.

side of the river or on the lea of the islands, banks of shingle and sand are found, while in the river numbers of huge trees lie head down stream, having been carried down by the flood, and now causing a huge wave and eddies. Towards evening our men asked permission to fish in the small quiet backwaters, and entering, let down small ground nets about a foot deep and twelve or so long, weighted with lead at the bottom and with bark floats on the top edge, right across the backwater mouth; then they beat the water to scare the fish who hurried along the bed to the main stream and got caught in the net. Just before reaching the River Suno, where we were to stay the night, we heard that the husband had gone up and was in the canoe we had not signalled. Poor Doña Josephine's distress was very great, for though we had taken about seven hours to come from Ahuano to Suno, against the stream it takes six days to return, as the current is too strong for paddling, and the canoes are propelled by poling; so she must either wait here his return or follow him up and run the risk of his passing her on his return to look for her, for going up stream one keeps to the backwaters. About 5-30 we landed by a pretty house in a clearing, where the Suno joins the Napo, and were hospitably received by two youths left in charge of the Estancia or estate; on the far bank was a number of Indian huts belonging to their people.

Though they had cattle here, the owners did not use the milk or make butter or cheese, it was so much easier to use condensed milk and tinned butter. After a supper of yucca, rice, plantains, and tinned salmon, we discussed to-morrow's prospects, and I was pressed to stay to witness an Indian wedding to

be celebrated at seven to-morrow morning, the elder youth officiating as clergyman and saying for service anything he liked in Spanish, for he has no books; the Indians failing to distinguish between clergy and laity, consider themselves thus properly married. About nine I slung my hammock in the room of my two hosts, and turned in.

The 13th, Sunday, I was up late, 6-30, and found my men impatient to be off, they pleaded for the mail I was carrying which could not wait, but I suggested if the mail were pressing they had better not stop to fish, and also that they might occasionally paddle. The real reason was their dislike to stopping about the houses of whites.

As there were no signs of the wedding party, and I had already formed a good idea of South American punctuality, I decided to leave without seeing the wedding at 8-30.

This finca belonged to a Caouchou trader, as were all the others I met on my trip down stream.

The river was uninteresting, but as the canoe was now so much lighter, and I had it all to myself, I was comfortable and content. When passing two houses near the River Coca, I was stopped by the inmates and asked for news, and was informed that Arellano and the expedition were returning, so my letters for assistance will be useless. I refused an invitation to land, and proceeded dinnerless; about three, as a large storm seemed brewing, I stopped and went up to a house on the bank to ask shelter for the night even in an outhouse, and to my great surprise was refused; this was the first act of inhospitality I had experienced, and the other Ecuatorians I mentioned it to were surprised and indignant. So on we went through the rain till 4-30,

when my men landed on the sand bank of an island. They left me, and instantly ran off into the bush, two returned with palms and caña brava, wild cane, and while one was constructing a ranchita, the other was cutting up drift wood and making a fire, while the third with the gun was shooting for the pot, and in half an hour, after three shots, came back with two birds of the pheasant tribe. My effects were then removed from the canoe, and while I was making my "bed" for the night under the ranchita, the stew was ready. We all fed from the stew, which consisted of rice, the birds cut up into pieces, also roasted and boiled plantains, and boiled yucca as bread; and the Indians helped me most generously. I added a little "Liebig" to my stew, and a little tea with condensed milk to wash it down completed my supper and also lunch, for I had nothing since we left Suno; for the Indians never halt long enough during the day to prepare food, but only an occasional five minutes to mix a little chicha for themselves; at eight we retired to rest, the Indians sleeping alongside me;—on land they were splendid fellows.

A "ranchita" is built thus: two long bamboos are cut of about 10 feet long and broken (not through) at a point about 4 feet from one end, to inclose an angle of about 110 degrees; these are placed about 8 or 9 feet apart, with their ends in the sand, and a third bamboo, placed across the angles and kept in place by tendrils, then long "wild canes," 8 or 9 feet, with their fan-like fronds, are stuck in the sand close together by the 4 foot end of the bamboos, and leaned against the cross-piece over which the fronds project some 4 or 5 feet, but as the fronds stand up too high, one or two pieces of bamboo are bound across them parallel to

the crosspiece, and the weight of these brings the ends down ; and a fairly watertight roof is made.

The night was wet, as was also the morning, but we were up at 5-30, and I made a cup of tea, and at 6-30 we were en route. Rain, rain all day, so I retired under my waterproof palm-leaf toldo to rest and try to sleep. To-day we passed two houses, but did not stop, and about 4-30 we landed as last night, on an island, Saraplaya, and there made our ranchita, but to-night a much stronger one ; my sportsman, as before, got two birds in three shots. A twelve bore is useless here, as owing to the density of the forest the birds have to be shot sitting, and only an Indian, or very old hand, could approach near enough for a shot without disturbing his game.

Hardly had night fallen when out came the sancudos, as they name the mosquitos in this water-shed. At 7-30 I retired to rest, and had to cover myself, head and all, with my thick poncho, but even then these pests got through the opening for the head and bit me through my flannel shirt, and besides, the heat was very oppressive.

About 8-30 a noisy lot of soldiers hailed us, their chief word being c—— (a common Spanish oath). Then they landed and came up to see me and the mail.

All were soldier finca-holders and seemed a jolly set of young fellows, and the expedition was returning as the Peruvians had withdrawn. After a short chat they withdrew and proceeded on their homeward journey, and I lay down for a night of insect persecution and restlessness. Some hours later I looked round and found I was alone, the Indians had left me. The canoe I could see on the water and also one of their net bags hanging up in the

ranchita, so I concluded they had gone out to escape the mosquitos; and so they had, for an hour later the rain drove them in again, but at first I had a start, as the Indians, when discontented, often desert their masters, sometimes taking the canoe, but generally leaving it.

Another wet morning, but I got my cup of coffee and milk (of solid food I get but little) and by 6-30 we were off, and about two hours later stopped at a large house, where were numbers of canoes and men: the Governor Arellano, for whom I brought the mail, and some dozen whites and two dozen natives. Up a high, slippery clay bank I went to the house, Buen'año, and on to the balcony, where they all were, gave the Governor the mail, and my letter to him. All were most friendly and seemed a very pleasant lot, but can do nothing for me in getting down from Aquarico. As all were busy with their letters I said good-bye, and started off with a much lightened boat, as we had given over the chicha paste we had brought to the upgoing Indians, but to counterbalance this we had to take another Indian down to our night's halting place. He did little work, and kept jabbering all day with the others. The river was nowabout three-quarters of a mile wide, and we passed numbers of birds, and the air was fragrant with a strong sweet smell from the flowering trees. Later in the afternoon I hurried up the Indians, and by 5-15 we had stopped in front of two large houses, close together with a number of people on their balconies. I landed and was invited up. Each house is on piles about 9 feet long, and contains four large rooms and the usual broad balcony. I found my host, Señor Diaz, chatting with some drunken Indians, who all spoke a little Spanish and

were well clothed. After a short chat we had a very frugal dinner, soup with a piece of dried meat (tapir) in it, one toasted banana and a cup of hot tinned milk and water. Then the other brother Diaz came over from his house alongside and chatted with me most of the evening, as the first brother was drinking with his Indians on the balcony. I heard that from here down everything was very dear, caña is one dollar per bottle, while in Archidona it was forty cents and plaintain one dollar per head, when higher up they sold for a few centavos. Here rubber is the only industry, while in Archidona rice and sugar are grown.

I had a large empty room given me in which I slung my hammock and was soon asleep.

By dawn I was up and met my hosts, who at seven, gave me a hearty breakfast, large platefuls of fried Carpincho (Capybara) like fried ham, sweet plantain and yuccas. They also kindly gave me dried meat and plantains to eat en route and a letter for to-night. The brothers told me they have two leagues of black gum, and get about 100 arobas, from 80-150, a year, and the present price is about 20 dollars or £2 the aroba (the aroba is 25 lbs.): they have made an excellent garden with every kind of fruit tree and vegetable, and have also sown some few thousand caouchou trees, but as these cannot be cut for rubber before they are twenty years old, they are not expecting to derive any benefit from them themselves. Once the price of "gum" was 44 dollars the aroba, but that was in the days of the Jesuits, before they were expelled, three or four years ago.

Passing along the left bank I was hailed from a fine house full of whites, and landed, as I had been

told that this was the finest house on the river. It was built by a white carpenter from Iquitos, and the cane walls are cemented and whitewashed, and the out-buildings, kitchen, etc., are connected to the main building by covered raised passages ; the rooms are nicely, but rather overfurnished, and there are sun-blinds or curtains to the balcony. The house was built quite a long way back from the river, but is at present only twenty yards from it, and the river is rapidly encroaching, and the owner Señor Abarca expects it to be carried away this year. I noticed several very large dug-out canoes, forty feet by five wide which I was told take from two to three weeks to make.

I was soon off again, and at 4-15 landed at Florencia, the farm and house of a Señora Pandura, the widow of a Peruvian who died six months ago. The place looked more like a village, for besides several large constructions for the whites, there were a dozen or so Indian huts, and on the hill behind were herds of cattle grazing. I was taken up to the centre house which like all others out here was on piles, and into a large open room, open on all sides but one, about it were scattered seats, tables, hammocks, a clock, scales, and the usual sewing machines. A short stout woman in black came to meet me, then some youths, three nephews and two married daughters. Luckily there was no caña so all are sober. Soon after five, we had a sumptuous dinner, all sitting down to it, ladies as well, and we had the additional luxury of knives and forks, the first I had seen since leaving Quito, but then all here were Peruvians.

Here, too, they work caouchou, but at a distance of fourteen days or so up a small river, are absent

from four to six months and collect about 200 arobas; as we were finishing dinner a kind of large gondola arrived poled by seven men, full of goods, and as they were all too occupied to notice me I retired at the first opportunity to my large empty room near the open dining room. Next morning I was told that at Aquarico I could get rafts, large canoes or rafted canoes, and from the accounts I heard here, and also higher up expected to find quite a large place. Here in the river are porpoises, or buféos, and near Florencia are Indians who make mats and clothes out of bark, but I was unable to procure any. Summer begins here in August, but often in summer it rains all day, while there are dry winters. About 8-30 we were off with a very short day before us, as I hoped to reach the Boca del Aquarico by noon, but as my men stopped twice for chicha, we did not reach it till one. The River Aquarico was about one hundred yards wide where it entered the Napo, and the current was very strong, as the river was in flood. We could see the tops of two small sentry boxes with the Ecuatorian flag flying over them, rising above the bushes on a very high bank where the river emptied into the Napo, and two small houses, one on the right bank of the Napo opposite the Post, and the other on the right bank of the Aquarico near its mouth, but no sign of life. We landed at the foot of a steep clay bank where two canoes were tied, and carrying the mail and followed by one of the Indians I started up the steep path, the sentry posts were empty, but higher up on the hill I saw a square cane house of the usual type with, this time, a corrugated-iron roof, in and about which men were loafing, reclining and sleeping; my arrival with the mail woke them up a little.

I had a letter to the Civil Governor, Pedro Perez Cheriboga, a handsome, gentlemanly man of about 34, to whom I explained my voyage, my wants, and asked where I could stop till I could proceed.

I was again disillusioned, for instead of finding all plain sailing from here, as I had learned to expect, I gathered that my situation here could hardly be worse. The village or town of Boca del Aquarico, or San Pedro, as marked on the Jesuit map, did not exist, all there was, was the mouth of the river and the two traders' houses I saw on arriving, and the military "post" which the Peruvians had put up six months ago, and which was now occupied by the Ecuatorians. There were no canoes to be got, and had there been there were no Indians to paddle them. I wanted to keep the three I had, but not only did they refuse, but the Governor could not spare them, as they had to return with the mail.

Don Pedro Perez said they would be very pleased if I would stop with them till I could get away, and spoke of a French trader who expected a launch up shortly, and who occupied one of the houses I had seen. So I had my goods and chattels brought up from the canoe to one of the three rooms of the Post, which I was to share with four or five others, made my Indians presents which they received as a matter of course, and then tried to settle down a little.

Señor Don Pedro Perez Cheriboga was sent from Quito as Civil Governor, with an assistant, two secretaries, and a Post master. His jurisdiction extends over leagues of forest, inhabited only by the savages, or "infieles" as they are called here, and the houses of three or four traders at great distances

from here. The mail, a small handful, arrives and is despatched about once a month or less frequently; there is also a military governor, with four officers, sergeants, and about twenty men.

The officers and sergeants occupy the three rooms, while the men sleep in a construction they have fitted up below them. There are no Indians here, for they have a mortal dread of soldiers, and no doubt justifiably, and flee into the woods on their approach.

The "fort" is situated on a cliff about a hundred feet above the river, down which it commands a magnificent view for many miles; round the "post" and down to the river the ground has been cleared by the Peruvians and planted with yucca, plantains, etc., but behind is the impenetrable forest.

The civilians, Don Pedro Perez, and his assistant, Señor Don José Maria Eggas, were very kind, and did all they could for me. Señores Cheriboga and Eggas were fair headed men with blue eyes, much more of the Anglo-Saxon than the Latin type. Having nothing better to do Señor Eggas and myself bathed in the Napo, but owing to the strength of the current we dare not swim out. Señor Eggas went in clothed, for fear of a small worm-like fish of eccentric habits, which seemed to me to be too ludicrous to credit, but all down this river and on the Amazon people said the same of it.

The rest of the day we spent on the verandah, where indeed the officers and civilians spend all their days lounging half asleep in hammocks and doing nothing. At sunset, a glorious one it was, we had dinner outside, we, Señor Cheriboga, Eggas and myself. Our dinner consisted of soup with a little meat from one bird a sergeant had shot

with a military rifle—one bird for ten or eleven men—then rice and dried peas, the whole washed down by a cup of weak tea, so these people live! Loaf all day, don't fish, shoot, or garden.

It was a lovely night, and I sat long on the balcony talking to my friends and the Post Master, a Frenchman, of good family, Pierre L——y, once at the French Legation in Quito, but having got mixed up in a revolution, he forfeited his country's protection and became a naturalised Ecuatorian. He, as the other two, much regretted their practical banishment here, as did also the officers, but fortunately they only saw the inconveniences, and had not realised the gravity of their position.

Bugle sounded five calls in succession about 5-30, so I got up, but as no one seemed to take any notice of it, and the three men in my room remained in their beds, I again got into my hammock.

Those bugle calls constitute the only act of military routine at the post, for there is no call over, drill, or any kind of discipline or regular work; a few clean the patch about the house and cook; a few go a little way into the forest to try and shoot game, but they are all like helpless children, don't know what plants or trees are serviceable to them, and are helpless in the forest. Their two best watermen were drowned soon after they got here, and as managing a canoe at this point, the junction of the rivers is very difficult, they will probably soon lose others. No uniforms, or only a few parts of uniform are worn—this one may have a cap, and a second the regulation pants and so on, and the officer in charge is a pot-bellied red-nosed man in civilian clothes, who sits all day making a fishing net.

They live on the vegetables, mostly yucca, the Peruvians left behind them, and when that is done ——. The Ecuatorian Government finds it less trouble to give the men so much money per day and let them find their own food. Unfortunately here the Government has not given Señor Cheriboga any money; but he allows the men credit equal to their pay, so far so good; but the only place where they can buy any food, and there is very little there, is the Frenchman's store across the Aquarico, and he has not sufficient confidence in the Ecuatorian Government to risk above a certain amount, and even if he had, his stores would soon run out, and there is at present no way of replenishing it. For though the Ecuatorians are expecting a trading launch with provisions to come up from Peru, which holds the mouth of the river, I soon learned that that launch would not come, as Señor Cheriboga had put a price of 1,000 dols. on the head of the owner, Andrade, once an Ecuatorian, but now a Peruvian subject.

At 6-30 only, a late hour in these latitudes, the "Post" began to get up, and soon M. Watan, the French trader arrived in his canoe to see the Governor, and after that I returned with him and my fair-headed friend, Señor Eggas, and a soldier, who was going to the store to execute commissions for the others. As the Aquarico was rising rapidly, our journey to the store against the torrent was difficult and dangerous.

M. Watan told me he was expecting his partner's (Andrade's) launch any day, but in any case would shortly send a canoe with two Venezuelan blacks, who had that day arrived at his house, fleeing down the Aquarico from the Venezuelan Revolution, with

letters to Andrade, whom, if they did not meet in the Napo they would find at Iquitos; so suggested I could go with them as I could also help him by delivering some letters en route. At this suggestion I jumped as I could see no other means of proceeding; my only difficulty now was the canoe, for M. Watan's was extremely small and leaky and could not carry my belongings.

M. Watan's house is well built, with two large rooms and a store, and a store-room house attached and under the same roof, with a large open balcony to dine in; cook-house with a good stove, fowl-house, etc., all backed by tall spreading trees, and with the forest behind. There were jaguars about here, and I was promised a shoot as new tracks had been seen. We were asked to stop lunch which we only too willingly did, and I had my first good meal since I left Quito; yuccas fried in strips like potatoes, chicken, peccari, rice, bottled peas and tea. Mrs. Watan is a Peruvian, about nineteen or twenty, and a nice, orderly, active woman and an excellent cook. M. Watan is about twenty-five or six, small and light, wears glasses and looks very weak, still he has endured hardships and dangers which required physical strength beside courage; as he is a keen photographer he asked me to return to him to-morrow and stop till the "expedition," as he was pleased to call our party, was ready, which he hoped would be by Sunday night. So we returned to the melancholy Post where as usual all were lounging; about half the garrison was laid up with small indispositions which the want of good food and healthy exercise would soon render serious.

To help out the dinner I gave the mess the dried meat which the Señores Diaz had given me, and

further earned their gratitude by giving them two bottles of caña I had brought along with me, as there was no caña to be got here.

During our conversation after dinner I was told of several villages on the East of the Andes, usually near gold-mines, which long ago had large Spanish populations and metalled roads to Quito, where the natives had risen and slaughtered all the whites; and at Conception, near here, cement foundations were still visible, signs of a large place, for now, of course, all the houses are of bamboo and palm.

Next morning I was wakened by the same bugle-calls, but did not turn out; but I soon heard enquiries for "el Ingles," and learned that M. Watan had come for me, so I hastily threw my things together, and taking leave of my kind friends here was soon paddled across the Aquarico to his house.

After a breakfast of tea, dried bread and butter, we discussed the proposed expedition; he had numerous letters to write, but would be ready by Sunday, to-morrow night, when the moon being almost full we could travel all night, and I could purchase a fairly large but very rotten and leaky canoe from a man who lived in a small hut close to, and with whom I entered into negotiations; but our plans were frustrated, for in the afternoon an enormous canoe, followed by a smaller one, arrived and out of them came three "whites" and ten Indians, the whites being the worse for drink. The prospects of getting away to-morrow were now very faint. The principal "white" was Señor Abarca, the owner of the fine house I touched at on the 16th, and had come down to arrange delicate business affairs here, and also to explain to Señor Cheriboga

his absence from the expedition which went to turn out the Peruvians. We had an excellent dinner, which the newcomers were not in a position to appreciate. Among the dishes was monkey, which tasted rather like rabbit. Our kind host opened some of his few remaining bottles of wine. I am afraid I shall be thought to linger over my accounts of meals, but one must kindly remember that for more than three weeks I had not had a good meal, and had mostly been on quarter rations.

As all the rooms were occupied by the newcomers I slung my hammock in a corner on the balcony, away from the dirty Indians and drunken "Blancos."

Early next morning my host and his visitors went over to call at the Post for Señor Abarca to make his peace with the Governor, and they all returned for lunch with the Governor, who was very smartly dressed in dark grey flannels with a tall stiff collar, clothed much more for an English Garden Party than the back woods of the Andes. Señor Abarca was also very smartly dressed, and wore very fine linen. Our visitors were all suffering from their excesses of yesterday, so were very subdued, and we spent a quiet afternoon, our principal diversions being the antics of a tame toucan, with a black, yellow, and sky-blue beak, a very imp of mischief; and also a tiny little monkey, like a sick old man, and I was also amused by a small Indian boy of the house brushing his master's coat with a tooth-brush.

The river Aquarico had fallen four feet in the last three days, in spite of the recent heavy rains.

Next morning I was pleased to see our visitors depart and M. Watan once more return to his correspondence, but his troubles had not ended, for

now one of the niggers, who had been making enquiries from our visitors' Indians, had got discontented and feared the trip, but was finally very reluctantly persuaded to go, and we decided to start about 9 at night, but the rain fell continuously, so we postponed our departure till 3 a.m., but as the weather was then still very bad we did not leave till five, when the rain had ceased.

M. Watan had arranged with the negroes that they were to paddle day and night, resting alternately for a few hours, and we were all to keep a smart look-out for the launch, which ought to be coming up about now, and so, lest it should pass when the negroes slept, for the two or three hours per night as arranged, I was to keep watch; but the negroes, as I learned gradually, were not river or wood-men, and also had no intention of over-exerting themselves.

To begin with, they were unable to make a "toldo" or covering for my canoe, so before starting I got the former owner to put up the frame-work, and then stretched my waterproof sheet and mackintosh over it, leaving plenty of room to lie down under the "toldo," and also to sit in front of it. My two niggers, Columbians by birth, who spoke a painful African-Spanish were cousins, though not very good friends, but as one sat in the bows and the other in the stern, with myself and the baggage, etc., between, there could be no harm done. The negro in the bows was the surly and discontented one, the one in the stern lively and cheerful, and most of the day both jabbered away, the man in the bows always grumbling and complaining and the other chattering or singing, quite regardless of whether anyone was listening or not.

The river was very wide and full of islands, so my men wasted much time looking for the launch which could not possibly be here.

About 5 p.m. we passed a very pretty finca with eight or nine Indian huts near it, and soon after stopped at another finca, for the man in charge of which I had a letter to supply us with plaintains, yucca, etc.; being unable to read, I read the message to him and we took on an enormous supply of plantains and bananas (guineos) and for each of the niggers a large sheet of peché, sundried fish; we asked him about a place or finca, Santa Maria, for the owner of which I had a letter. It was getting dark and my negroes would have preferred to stop here, but he told us Santa Maria was quite near, round the bend, so on we went and about dark arrived off a collection of huts, but could make no one hear; so feeling certain this was Santa Maria, as it lay at the mouth of a little river, we landed to spend the night, trusting to meet someone in the morning, and put up in a very comfortable open hut. From the soldiers' caps and scraps of food and packets of chicha lying about, it was evident that the Peruvians had not long left. We soon made a fire and had supper, now, with the Africans, each one for himself, as my two nigs each make their own fire, and have their own meals quite apart, and take turns at making the fire for me, though the brighter one looks after me more than the other. My supper oonsisted of rice with "Liebig," and rice with canned peach (I had bought a tin at M. Watan's store), coffee and milk (canned); after which having searched the hut for snakes we turned in.

About four next morning I was up and spent half an hour in getting the fire to light, and by 5-45 we

we were off; not a sign of human life anywhere. Soon after starting a few lots of small otters passed swimming along the bank, and, when the negroes called, stood up showing their white breasts above the water. There were monkeys in thousands in the forest, and all day we could see them in bands springing from branch to branch, but well back from the river, while the howling monkeys kept up a continuous howl, rising and falling, the greater part of the day, and flocks of parrots and macaws in twos and threes kept flying over us all day, but in greater numbers at dawn when they went to their feeding grounds and at sunset when they returned to their roosting places. They flew very high far out of reach of a gun; all day we saw not a single hut or human being; the river banks are very pretty with palms, tree-ferns and creepers. The current was strong and the men work well, but as the river had numerous large "branches," "brazuelos," divided by well-wooded islands, it was very hard to follow the "madre" or main stream, where the water was deepest and where we possibly might meet the launch. About 10, we landed on a small island and had lunch; there were capybara tracks on it but the niggers were not sportsmen and would not follow them up.

During the day we had several very heavy thundershowers, during which the negroes stopped paddling and stood upright shivering; the Indians under similar circumstances stripped and paddled hard to get warm. Just before one shower we had heard the growling of a jaguar quite close, and I was preparing to land for it, when down came the rain in sheets, and before it had stopped we had drifted over a mile. The rain made me suffer in another

way, for it moistened the stinking peché (fish) of my negroes, who when the sun shone put it on my toldo to dry, one in front and the other behind, so whichever way the wind blew I got the smell, besides which it seemed to draw the flies from leagues around. A tiny little fly, sand fly, known as the "manta blanca," or white cloak, was rather troublesome, but by far the worst is the "mosquito," a fraction larger than the former, which leaves an itching little blood-blister where it bites. About five we landed on a beautiful sandbank where I wanted to stop the night, but the negroes wished to go on, pleading their promise to paddle all night (I later learned that they did not know how to make "ranchitas," and hoped to see a house further on). So I cooked my rice and coffee, and about 5-45, as rain began to fall, we moved on, myself under the toldo eating my supper from a bucket between my knees. When we landed I had noticed tracks of tapir on the sand, but the lazy niggers would not follow them up, and said they were old ones, but the canoe had not gone 50 yards, when the negroes called to me that there was an Anta (tapir) lying on the bank, before I had time to get out of the toldo, the nigger at the stern had fired a charge of bird-shot at the animal (it has a skin almost as thick as that of a hippopotamus), and it was off through the reeds before I could get a ball after it, for we were drifting very fast. Darkness soon fell on us, and we could not expect the moon for two hours yet. Rain fell in sheets, and the lazy niggers let the boat drift. The night was so black we could see nothing, and only hear the rush of the water as we passed a fallen tree, and the river was here so wide that in the dark we could not distinguish both banks, and

more than once we ran on shoals. At last the moon rose, but we had several showers still. As a gentle hint when bow was getting slack on several occasions I asked for his paddle, and paddled from time to time for a quarter of an hour, after which he usually displayed a little energy. The sky soon clouded over and got very threatening, and a cold wind was blowing, making the niggers complain bitterly and keep a keen look out for a house, their imagination converting caña brava into banana plantations, and dark clumps into huts; and they were getting very sleepy, but the danger of racing down rapids, studded with fallen trees, kept them awake; but about two both of them suggested that we should all turn in and sleep and let the canoe drift. I told them they could do as they liked, but I was not going to drift, so took bow's paddle, who at once curled up and slept, but the other nigger paddled on for nearly an hour, when I suggested tying up to a trunk on a small sand-bank, and we slept for about two hours. By dawn we were off again, but a very dispirited party, and I had firmly resolved there should be no more night trips. The negroes were only half awake, and we drifted in a zig-zag fashion for five hours, when the sight of a launch away in the distance by a small hut caught our eyes, so we paddled hard, thinking it was the "Napo," Andrade's launch, and fearing it might go down stream before we reached it; but we soon saw that it was a tug and a "chata," or sort of lighter with an awning, alongside it, and I hoped for a trip down stream on it; so alongside we went, and I was well received by a gentlemanly fellow whom I took for the owner, and asked, in the event of his leaving soon, if he would give me a passage down; I soon found out that

this twin boat was the famous "lancha de guerra" with the reported two quick-firing guns and fifty soldiers so much talked of by the Ecuatorians; so I apologized for my mistake to the Lieutenant, telling I had expected to find him in charge of a gun boat, and not an unarmed trading launch and chata. The "force" consists of ten soldiers and a few officers. My new friend pressed me to stay till to-morrow, telling me that the "Napo" had left here—the Boca (mouth) of the Curaray—for Iquitos thirty-six hours ago, so there was now no haste, and after consulting the niggers, for though obeying my instructions they were under orders from M. Watan, I accepted the kind invitation to stop, with the proviso put in by the surly nigger that we were to leave about 4 a.m. next morning. The hut on the bank contained three rooms, one of which was given me, the others being occupied by some of the men; for the officers and the rest of the men sling their hammocks or put up their beds on board. Lieutenant Numa Leon, the officer in command, was a fine fellow physically, a perfect gentleman, and a very generous fellow. I expressed a wish to buy from some huts, I saw further down stream, some tobacco and caña for my niggers, so without my knowledge he gave them some tobacco, and next day when we left I found two bottles of caña in the canoe: and he also insisted on my taking some provisions, yuccas and canned fruit. We had a most sumptuous lunch at 11, and I spent most of the afternoon and evening after a 6 o'clock dinner, on the boat, chatting of my travels and exhibiting my photos; one or two men coming from Upper Peru were greatly interested. My host tried to persuade me to stop and return with him in a few days, when he was to be relieved, but I had

to refuse for the commission I had charge of; I also sold my canoe to a youth on board who paid me at the time and trusted me to leave the canoe at the last place we touch on the Napo before we cross overland to the Marañon or Upper Amazon.

Next morning I was up before dawn, expecting to find the zealous negroes already afoot, but as there was a thick river mist I let them sleep. After a light breakfast and a short chat I said farewell to my kind host, and got my lazy niggers off by 6-30. Most of the morning we drifted, as each kept shouting out his grievances to the other, always repeating what they had said at least ten times a day since they had started. The mist cleared and the day was very hot Once we stopped for bow to land and stalk a wild turkey, which he did successfully, and from 11 to 12 we stopped to cook our food on a steaming sand bank, from which I was only too glad to depart. About 3-30 we made for a large house on a high bank with some nine or 10 smaller ones at intervals along the river. A lovely spot and a cloudless sky. The owners, Ecuatorians, asked me up, so I went on to the balcony hoping for an invitation to stop the night. The house was one of the finest I have seen so far, and the owners were entirely ignorant of what was going on up stream. As I was leaving I was offered some chicha of maize fermented with honey, which was most refreshing. I was told that the next house was five hours further on, and informed the negroes that the first bank I saw after five I would stop at to cook and stay the night. So on we went, and just before sunset—and a glorious sunset it was—I kept a look out for a suitable sand bank, but could see none, the niggers keeping to the river banks hoping to see a house, whereas the sand

banks are usually on sheltered side of the islands where there is little current. At seven, now quite dark, I went for them both, and told them they had to stop at the first stretch of sand we came across, and then they started abusing each other; fortunately at 8-30 we made out a house on the bank, landed, and found it empty and falling, so after a careful search for snakes, occupied it, made a fire, and had a good meal. The sulky nigger was very obliging, and gave me some of the bird he had shot for my soup, but he gave none to his companion. I also gave him something extra in return, so the other one, usually the cheerful one, went to bed sulky without supper. The night was as beautiful as the sunset, a bright moon and no clouds. About 11, I slung my hammock from the beams of the roof and was soon in it and asleep.

Next morning I was up by four, but as a thick mist hung over the river, I did not disturb the negroes till five, and as neither would light the fire for me, or assist me, each considering it the other's duty, I emptied all the rice I did not want on to the grass, and was proceeding to throw away my surplus biscuits, when one of them made the fire, and we all had a good meal, as we should reach Mazan to-morrow, after which we need not carry food. Two hours after starting we hailed an Indian near a house, cleaning an enormous "peiche" fish he had just caught, and I was called in by the owner, a Portugese, who was most hospitable. He had recently received a visit from the "Napo" launch, and Andrade had told him that Peru was starving out the Ecuatorians from the Boca del Aquarico, by not allowing any food or goods to pass up the river, and their task should be soon accomplished. We lunched on another steaming

sandy bank, and a little later reached a lovely creek with a house on a cliff, and some Indian huts beautifully situated on the bank : landing on a floating stage I went up to the house and was met by a tall young Frenchman of about thirty-three, who had some twenty caoucheros, and was doing a splendid business in rubber. He had a small but compact caña mill, and a distillery of the very latest type, which made a very pure spirit. The Indians lived with their families in their own houses, about eighteen in all, at intervals along the bank. All respected their master, were not too familiar or drunken, and he gave them their "copita," a small glass of caña each, before meals. His wife is Peruvian, and like most Peruvian ladies, kept well in the background. About six we settled down to chat for the night, kept awake and lively by the "sancudos" (the name for large mosquitoes, as we term them), while my niggers slept outside on the balcony. My host gave me an account of the caouchou trade and his trips up the Quebradas or creeks ; he owns also a turtle sand bank which in the dry season is covered with eggs, but now is entirely under water, and told me of an Easter custom he was witness to. All the Indians assemble, and the Chief, the major domo, calls up each man in turn, tells them of certain sins they have committed or want of respect they may have shown to their master or him, and gives them a thrashing which they receive patiently, then the Chief's wife does the same with the women, after that the Indians come up again voluntarily to the Chief or his wife and ask for a thrashing for this or that offence or because their children are bad or ill, or because last year's crops were bad and to ensure a good one this year, etc., etc., and they receive their punishment

gladly ; after this they feast and dance for the rest of the day. My host called my attention to the dark chocolate and yellow spotted skin of an Indian (I had already observed it in others) which he said were due to a painless skin disease, the whole skin turning brown in time. During the afternoon he showed me the stump of a large tree just cut down, which consisted of four large "buttresses" and no trunk, and explained that as the buttresses grew larger, they had, so to speak, consumed the trunk till they met, and the Indians said the tree had "eaten its mother," and would bring dire bad luck, so to humour them he had let them cut it down. So we chatted on through the night, and at three, had a bowl of milk with farina of yucca, not the flower of Matto Grosso and Paraguay which looks like sawdust, but in crumbs and small pellets, which swell out very much in water: the caoucheros take this as their only food when they go into the forest. At five, I roused my negroes, and refusing a kind invitation to stop here and shoot, left in the pouring rain, as we had a long day before us. Shortly after dawn we were stopped by an upgoing launch belonging to the Peruvian Government and going up to relieve that at the Curaray ; it turned out a lovely day, and we had a beautiful trip down narrow side streams and across the broad main stream down which later we went, and as darkness set in saw a large house in the far distance with a few smaller ones near it ; this was Mazan, our goal on the Napo, and a few leagues from its junction with the Amazon.

Before we arrived darkness had fallen: the owner, to whom I had a letter, was absent, but a youth suffering from fever was in charge, and kindly assisted me to land, and transferred my belongings

to the house, where, after a frugal meal, and promises of assistance to carry my effects overland to the Amazon or Marañon, as it is called above Tabatinga, where the River Javari enters the Amazon, we turned in for the night, the niggers croaking and cackling away over their grievances and prospects till I made them shut up. From the Aquarico to Mazan we had traversed about 350 miles according to the Government map, and that worked out at five miles per hour for working hours, and as the current must have been about three, it is quite clear that my men did not overwork themselves.

From the village of Napo to the Aquarico by the same map is about 300 miles, so I had done 650 miles in canoe down the Napo, almost its whole navigable length.

Next morning we were up at five, and ready to leave, but the rain was falling heavily, still as it showed no sign of stopping, we started off at seven with six porters for our short passage through the forest, getting soaked through, and in one place for 50 yards the path was like the Napo forest, a perfect bog to the knees, but then we were through under the two hours, and after a short wait on the far side for my negroes to come up, we paddled to the Embarcadero, a house on an arm of the Marañon, from which we were, with the assistance of the man in charge, a servant of Andrade, to paddle up stream to Iquitos, a journey of five to 14 hours according to different reports; but his wife would not let him come with us, so I told him in my best Spanish the high opinion I had of him and of the relative positions of himself and his wife, and with the two now thoroughly disgusted negroes, for they thought

they would be paddled up, we started up stream. This meant continuous paddling, as the current was strong against us, but to-day they really worked hard, and refused my suggestion of resting for an hour on a bank, as I did their suggestions of asking at every hut we saw for assistance. About 4-30 we crossed the mouth of the River Nanay, whose clear, cold, blue waters were a marked contrast to the muddy yellow stream of the Marañon. Here we heard the distant booming of guns, for to-day is the beginning of festivals in commemoration of the Independence of Peru, so I knew we were not far off. Up the straight broad river we went passing numerous houses and soon encountering numbers of full canoes returning down stream from the festivities. About 5-30 we reached the outskirts of the town, and soon after, turning the corner of a rather high bluff, came across a fleet of about two dozen launches of all sizes and shapes, beflagged, and with lights displayed, moored along a high bank on which were merchant houses. In front of Iquitos the river makes a sharp bend, forming a large and shallow bay. Up a steep bank of refuse and dirt, I climbed to the road, or rather esplanade on the top, and found the whole town with flags flying, and en fête; made my way to a business house, Alsatian, I had letters to, and delivered them, and was warmly welcomed and invited to share their dinner. There were five or six young men traders, mostly Alsatian, and all did their best to make me comfortable and at home. Soon Señor Andrade came in to hear from me of M. Watan, and I was offered a bed on his launch, which my new friends kindly put up for me. A Liverpool Booth Line boat was here, and would sail as early as possible, so I turned in with a quiet

mind now that all my trials are over and thanking the Almighty for his mercies. Everywhere I have received great hospitality.

The steamer of the Booth Line from Liverpool, of about 800 tons, would start as soon as it had taken on a small cargo of indiarubber, but as no work was done on Sunday, the day before my arrival, or on the following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, being feast-days in celebration of the Republic, or on the Friday, which was the Prefect's birthday, there was only the Thursday and Saturday on which the loading could be done, and then the natives were suffering from their holidays, so with another Sunday coming round it was not till Tuesday, that we could get away.

Iquitos is a nicely built and rapidly extending little place with good stores, mostly held by Europeans, which supply the wants of the "blancos," on the Upper Amazon or Marañon, and all the rivers tributary to it near here. Here also the rubber is collected for shipment to Pará and Europe.

The present Prefect is an active and strong man, and the place should advance under his guidance, for now the first "boom" and days of exorbitant prices have passed and a steady trade has taken its place.

The Booth Line has practically the monopoly of the "Amazon" and "Ocean" freight, their only real competitor being the "Brazilian Lloyd," but that only runs down the Brazilian coast, and does not collect for foreign countries. A German and an Italian Line tried to "cut in," but have been far from successful. The company is here building a large iron floating dock, as they are also doing at Manaos.

Before my departure from Iquitos, the lieutenant of the launch "Iquitos" arrived, and asked me to stop and accompany him up the Marañon, where he was going to bring back 50 soldiers with which to expel the unfortunate Ecuatorians from the Post at the Boca del Aquarico, if starvation had not already done the work.

At night on the fifth day after leaving Iquitos, we arrived at Manaos, about 1,000 miles down the river, on the Rio Negro, near its entry into the Amazon, our trip down was uneventful, principally through the caution of our captain, for as the river was falling and the sand banks, and so the channels, are continually changing, it was very risky to go at full speed, for though the journey might often be done successfully in two to three days, once on a bank the boat might have to stay months, as has happened, till the river rose again.

Manaos is a large and thriving town, prettily laid out and clean, with some fine buildings, notably the Theatre and Courts, a good service of electric tramways, and electric lighting. The river here is practically a bay, several miles across, and before the town are anchored seven large ocean-going steamers, five of the Booth Line (two or three of 3,000 or 5,000 tons), a large German Liner, and a Brazilian Lloyd, and a very large flotilla of river boats of all sizes and shapes, stern and centre-wheelers, paddle-boats, and screws.

From here to Pará, about 950 miles, the Amazon is hardly interesting, as the river is enormously wide, varying from five to ten miles, and the banks, with their lofty trees, being often hardly discernable. This we did in three days, for the river is deep and the steamer can forge ahead.

To reach Pará, one leaves the main river and passes round the Island of Marajo through an arm (or channel) about 90 miles long, and at its entrance little over a quarter of a mile wide.

At Pará I had to wait a few days to get a larger and quicker steamer of the same line, and reached home after touching at Madeira, Lisbon, and Havre, in seventeen days.

THE CAOUCHOU TRADE IN THE ORIENTE OF ECUADOR.

ANYONE wishing to start trading in caouchou first purchases or gets a concession from the Government for a piece of land on the river near which he expects to find his rubber. This piece is anything from a square mile to two or three square leagues; here he builds his house, and store of bamboo and palm-leaves, clears the ground of trees round the house, plants yucca, plantains and the few necessaries of his daily life. He than has to find Indians to work for him at home and in the woods, and this is his greatest difficulty, for Indians are scarce. They do not like the white man (though most of the "white" natives have Indian blood in their veins), and usually withdraw as far from his presence as possible; he usually has to *buy* the Indian from some trader, who for various reasons may wish to part with him. I put "buy" in italics, as the Indian is only a slave to the extent of the money he owes his employer, and the new trader pays the debt, and the Indian, his consent having been previously obtained, enters into the service of his new master. Having obtained sufficient Indians for his work, and meantime, having well filled his store with every conceivable class of goods, and laid in an enormous supply of caña, trapiche, cachasa, pingo, etc., all names for the ardent spirit extracted from sugar cane, he pays his men in advance in goods for the amount of caouchou each is expected to bring back with him. The Indian buys on credit

all he requires, including luxuries, as sardines, tinned milk, canned meat, fine straw hats, light umbrellas, clothes, rings, etc., and also for his wife, but at least half the amount goes in caña. So the employer gives the Indian no cash. All the goods are sold at very high rates, for reasons I will shortly explain.

The Indians or caoucheros then set out in canoes from the house, and have often from seven to fourteen days' journey through the forest, where they expect to find the trees; here a centre camp is formed, and in the "Monte" or forest they remain from four to six months; from this the Indians sally out to their work, singly or in pairs; clearing a path to the first tree they find, they clear the ground for some distance round it, thereby "ear-marking" it, and then make a ranchita, and on they go, clearing a path to a second tree, round which they also clear the ground, and so on till they have found fifty trees, more or less. They then return to the first tree and fell it, leaving a stump of a few feet, and in this stump make deep insertions, as in Fig. 1. *a a.*



FIG. 1.

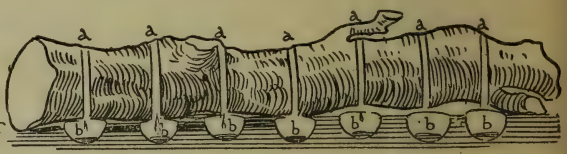


FIG. 2.

They then at intervals of about a yard cut deep grooves through the bark of the main trunk, perpendicular to the ground (*a* in Fig. 2) and where the grooves touch the ground dig small holes (*b*). The tree bleeds in the grooves, and the milk, after filling the grooves, flows down and fills the holes. What remains in the cuts is removed by hand in

bands, and rolled up into large balls of about 10 lbs., this is called "sernambe," and is worth from 30 to 36 sols per aroba (25 lbs.), from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per lb. The sap in the holes is coagulated by mixing with common family soap in the ratio of 1 gram per litre, and being stirred up with a vine, La Vetilla; the product is called "caouchou en planches," and sells for 20 to 25 dollars per aroba. An Indian would get from 15 to 20 arobas of rubber in three months.

When they return to the house, each one sells the fruit of his work to his employer, and this amount is put to the credit side of the Indian's account, and if he has had luck in finding trees and works well, he may wipe off his debt, but usually a part still remains, and this debt is the only hold the employer has on the "caouchero," for when the debt is paid he is free to go where he likes; thus it is to the master's interest to keep his men always in his debt, and this is only too easy, as the Indian never thinks of saving, though their real wants are very few. Thus the Indian is only morally bound to stay with his patron, for should the latter illtreat him, or not treat him well enough, the Indian can take to the woods, where it is impossible to follow him, and seek labour elsewhere; other whites being only too anxious to employ him. Should his late master find out where he is, he can demand the payment of his debt from the new owner, who is bound to pay it if he retain the Indian. Another risk the owner runs is loss by death of any of his Indians, and as the dangers of the forest from animals, snakes, fevers, accidents while working, and savage Indians, are innumerable, and the risk is very great; and it is to cover losses from this cause, and desertion, that he has to sell his goods to the natives at very high rates.

Another expense is that of unlimited caña, which is given to the Indians when about the house to keep them in good humour, for which purpose also their employers associate with them on terms of equality, drinking with them, and allowing them the free run of the house, and all the "chacra" produce. My experience when arriving at sunset at a house has been to find the Indians in a state of intoxication.

During the months the "peons" cannot work in the "monte," they are employed on the "chacra," or estate, on farm work, almost purely agricultural, as there is but little cattle, the "whites" seeming to prefer canned milk and butter to fresh, and to buy European cheeses to making them; so their work is clearing the ground round the plantains and yuccas, pineapples, etc., sowing maize and sometimes sugar and coffee, and gradually extending the chacra by cutting down the trees round it.

When the rubber has been brought in, the trader either loads it up in his canoe and goes to Iquitos to sell his produce, for which he gets 22 to 25 dollars per aroba (a sucre or sol equals 2/-), and returns with goods; the trip taking for every day down stream five to seven back; thus from the Aquarico it would take say six days, and from five to seven weeks to return; or if a trading launch comes up and can reach his "chacra," he sends his rubber down by it to Iquitos, paying 1 sol per aroba freight, to an agent to sell, and commissions the launch to buy him his requisites.

As the price of rubber is now very low, and the risks many, rubber traders do not make the fortunes they are accredited with. In two or three years' time, as so many from Peru, Columbia, Brazil, Venezuela and Ecuador, to the number of 40,000,

are cutting down the rubber producing trees, and never planting young ones, there will be no more Caouchou trade, and unless the gold which exists in great quantites in this district attracts the enterprise of the whites, the whole of the Oriente will lapse back into savagery and an unbroken forest.

THOS. SOWLER & SONS LTD.,
PRINTERS,
CANNON STREET, MANCHESTER.


Cerro de Pasco
Lake Junin
Tarma
Oroya
Lima
Jauja
Huancay
Carmos
R. Anqaya
Acobamba
Ayacucho
Jukamarca
Pampas
Ocros
R. Chincheros
Andahuaylas
Huancarama
Abancay
Ollantaytambo
Cuzco
Calca
Pisac
M. Azungato
Urcos
Secuani
Pisco
Ica
R. Ucayli
R. Madre de Dios
R. Beni
PERU
BOLIVIA
CHILI
PACIFIC OCEAN
Lake Titicaca
Puno
Illampu 23.000
Huani Potosi 20.200
Illimani 22.500
V. Misti
Arequipa
Chilelaya
La Paz
Mollendo
Tacna
Arica
Iquique
Cochabamba
Tapacari
Challas
Sicasica
Oruro
Arque
Lake Poopo
Huari
Uyuni
Huanchaca
Cebollar
Ascotan
S. Paulo
S. Pedro
Colama
Antofagasta
ARGENTINE
BOLIVIA & PERU
1 Inch to 100 Miles.


COLOMBIA
Galera Pt.
R. Esmeraldas
Cayambe 19,200
Quito 9,400
Pichincha 16,000
Papallacta
Antisana 19,350
Cotopaxi
Corazon
Iliniza
Latacunga
Napo
R. Coca
R. Aguarico
Chimborazo 20,500
Rio bamba
Tunguragua
R. Napo
Sangay
Guyaquil
Duran
Huigra
Alausi
R. Curaray
Puna I.
ECUADOR
PERU
R. Marañon
100 Miles to 1 Inch
Cotacachi 16,300
Pichincha 16,000
Quito 9,400
Cayambe 19,200
Papallacta
R. Maspa
Baeza
R. Aguarico
R. Coca
Atacazo
Corazon 15,900
Iliniza 17,400
Antisana 19,350
R. Jondachi
R. Quijos
R. Salado
Cotopaxi 19,600
Archidona
Latacunga 9,000
R. Napo
R. Yuca
R. Pano
Tena
Napo
R. Arajuno
Ahuano
Quilotoa
Ambato
Carihuairazo 16,500
Chimborazo 20,500
Tunguragua 16,700
Rio bamba
Altar 17,730
Sangay 17,500
Guamote
Alausi
R. Napo
Florencia
Boca del Aguarico
R. Curaray
Mazan
R. Marañon or Amazon
R. Yanay
Iquitos
— EL ORIENTE —
— ECUADOR —
— Circa 50 Miles to 1 Inch. —

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

Do not
remove
the card
from this
Pocket.

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File."
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU

Author Petrocokino, Ambrose
Title Along the Andes.
61542
HSAm
P 4973a

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 14 04 25 05 016 7